PICTORIAL

LADIES' WEEKLY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

NO. 7 VOL. III.
WHOLE NO. 111.

TORONTO, FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY FEB. 13, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS A COPY.
$2.00 PER YEAR.

Mlle. Szumowska.

Mlle. Szumowska, the accomplished pianist, who appeared before the London public with such marked success recently, and whose portrait finds a place in our pages, comes of an old Polish family who during the rising in 1863-4, incurred the displeasure of the Czar, and, like many another family, was exiled to Siberia. After the lapse of several years, the Szumowskas were permitted to return to their native place; but their lands having been confiscated, the father of the lady whose portrait we give accepted an appointment as Professor in Lublin, and it was in this town that Mlle. Szumowska was born. As in the case of numerous other musicians who have gained distinction in the world, Mlle. Szumowska gave indications of musical ability at a very early age, and when little more than eighteen months old, surprised her parents by tottering to the pianoforte and picking out on the keys the melody of a slumber song which her mother was accustomed to sing to her nightly. After this indication of precocity she was permitted to amuse herself at the instrument to her heart's content, and in her fifth year was in the receipt of the benefit of direct and systematic musical tuition. When in her tenth year her father was appointed to a professorship at Warsaw, she was taken to that city, where she pursued her general studies for the next five years, neglecting music for a time, but distinguishing herself in mathematics and other subjects, and studying Latin and Greek with her father. Her musical proclivities, however, soon reasserted themselves, and soon after sixteen she joined the Academy of Music at Warsaw, and made such rapid progress in her studies that in two years and a half she had finished the course which usually occupies three years, and passed all her examinations with the highest honors. She then studied for a while with Professor Michalowski at Warsaw, and in September, 1889, proceeded to Paris, towards which city nearly every foreign musical artist sooner or later gravitates. Up to this period Mlle. Szumowska had only cultivated music as an amateur, but, meeting the Polish pianist Paderewski in the French capital, he at once recognised her great musical talent, and persuaded her to adopt music as a profession—advice which she accepted, stimulated thereto by the offer of her compatriot to direct her Pianoforte studies. She has since worked hard at the instrument of her adoption under M. Paderewski's superintendence, taking lessons occasionally, however, from M. Gorski, the great Polish Violinist, who specially superintended her studies in the preformance of concerted music. The lady's first public appearance was made in Paris in April last, at the Salle Erard, and her London *debut* was made at one of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall at the end of November. She returns to London in the course of a week or two, and is to reappear at the Popular Concerts on the 30th inst.—an event which is looked forward to by many with much interest. In private life Mlle. Szumowska is held in high estimation, not only for her great musical ability and intellectual endowments, but also for her extremely modest and sympathetic nature.

The Cellar.

When the housekeeper has bought, built, or hired her house, after due consideration of the family needs and tastes, and after careful examination of the locality and construction of the chosen home, her earliest attention should be directed to the cellar, as that part of the home which is most often neglected, and where order and convenience combined add no small amount to the comfort and healthfulness of all parts of the house.

The arrangement of the cellar takes time and attention rather than any great outlay of money. The windows should first be seen to. A stuffy, unventilated cellar, full of dead air, is an abomination. The windows should be so hung that they can be removed from the inside, and during all but the extreme winter months should be taken out, and even then, in mild days, they should be opened in the middle of the day. The outside of the windows should be protected by galvanized wire window netting, costing two and a half cents the square foot. A heavier, coarser-meshed quality can be used instead, if great strength is desired.

This quality costs six cents the square foot. The hatchways of city houses are troublesome in cold weather. Both the rear and front hatchways admit a great deal of wind during the winter, in spite of the wooden covers that are fitted to them, and make the kitchen and dining-room floors draughtly and cold. This can be remedied by covering the iron grating over each hatchway with several folds of old carpeting or furniture sacking, and then fitting the cover down tightly. The hatchway on the sunny side of the house must be frequently opened for air. The cellar should be thoroughly white-washed, two heavy coats being enough.

All the cellars and many in the country towns and villages, are cemented, which under most conditions is the safest and cleanest flooring. But in the country, where the ground is not poisoned from leakages of sewers or the foul gases of cess-pools, and where, yet further, the ground is dry and sandy, a cellar bottom of well-beaten earth is not unwholesome, and has a mysterious capacity of keeping fruits and vegetables beyond that of cemented cellars. Such a cellar should have boards for walks to bins, barrels, and cupboard, to keep the house-mother from fretting over the dirt "tracked up." If these boards are occasionally turned over when swept, there will be no trouble from dampness or, "saw bugs."

MLLE. SZUMOWSKA.

Raising them up slightly from the ground by inch cleats nailed to the under-side of the boards is another and better method.

In a cellar where there is a furnace, it is a great help to household management to have a portion of the cellar divided from the furnace portion by a tight board partition, with a padlocked door opening into it. The boards used may be rough and cheap, costing two cents a foot; but the partitions must be tight, so as not to admit the warm air from the furnace. Under ordinary circumstances the expense need not be over ten dollars, and in many cases even less.

In this cold cellar the vegetables and apples, butter and preserves may be kept, and even in the city the uncomfortable habit of living from hand to mouth might be changed to a great degree. Here the time honored vinegar barrel or keg may have its place, giving out its supply of "pure cider" vinegar whenever needed. Near by should be the swinging shelf and cupboard, and the old-time feeling of plenty and comfort, which the memory of the well-filled cellars of country homes always brings, would return to the household.

ABOUT SPOONS.—The spoon of to-day is surrounded with a great deal of individuality, the decorations and shapes determining the courses for which they are designed to be used. The berry spoon is fashioned like a flower petal. The soup spoons are like fluted shells, or the back of a turtle, or on the handle may be found tomatoes or other suggestive designs. Ice-cream spoons are small, and taper to a narrow spade-like edge. Orange spoons are similar in shape, with an edge ground sharp to cut. Bonbon spoons may be found in copies from French and English models; the bowls are flat and circular, have short stems, with flat, quaintly fashioned tops, and sometimes are furnished with rings to hang on the girdle. Of the woman or girl not yet possessed of the spoon-collecting mania, you can most confidently assert that she will be, and that in the near future. Let her be the recipient of but one, even, and she will become, like the good old aunt we read of, who, after generously supplying a young lad with pocket money, in reply to the question, "What shall I bring you?" replies, "From every town where you see a fair face or hear a pleasant tale, bring me a spoon." The tendency of the age is to be "spooney."

FOOD FOR ONE, FOOD FOR ALL.—Because one person has a better constitution, more active digestion and a stronger physique than another, the oft-repeated adage of "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," has come to be considered a fact, just as have many other false theories been accepted as truths. Now, in reality, there never was a more absurd claim. Grain, fruits and vegetables, taken as taste dictates, are all good, and will agree with all alike, but the manifold dishes concocted by the average cook, can be endured by only the few. Grease, sweets, oils, and condiments benefit no one, though there are those who can for a time endure them without apparent discomfiture. But in the ages to come their progeny are cursed and grow sickly and diseased. What is one man's food is all men's food, just as oats, corn and hay is the food of the horse.

A CLEVER NOBLEMAN.—When Count d'Orsay was in England for the first time, very young, very handsome, and not shy, he was placed at some dinner next to the late Lady Holland. That singular woman, who had adroitly succeeded in ruling and retaining a distinguished circle longer than either fascination or tyranny might have accomplished, chanced that day to be in one of her imperious humors. She dropped her napkin; the count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her spoon, then her glass, and as often her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and when she dropped her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. "Put my plate on the floor," said he; "I will finish my dinner there. It will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland."

ORDER OF BRIDAL PROCESSION.—The order of a bridal procession on entering the church is: First, the ushers walking two and two; second, the bride-maids, also in pairs; the maid of honor next, and after her the bride, leaning upon her father's right arm. The bridegroom and his best man enter through the vestry with the clergyman, and await the bride at the altar. Half the ushers usually stand at either side of the altar, as do the bride-maids, pairs parting near the chancel rail, though all the bride-maids sometimes stand at the left of the bride. The maid of honor invariably stands next to the bride, as does the best man next to the bridegroom. When boxes of wedding-cake are provided, they are placed on a table in the hall, and each guest may take one home as a souvenir of the occasion.

THE son of Dickens who was named after Tennyson has been lecturing in Australia on the life of his father. He was the first of the sons to emigrate, being two or three years in Australia before his younger brother, E. B. L. Dickens, Member of Parliament for Wilcannia, joined him. They entered into partnership, and are said to have done well as stock and station agents.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M.A.,

AND PUBLISHED BY

THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO.,

To whom all correspondence and remittances should be addressed.

BUILDING 192 King St. West, - - - Toronto, Canada.

Terms for Canada and the United States, $2.00 per year; single copies, 5 cts; $1.00 extra per year for postage for other countries in the Postal Union.

Advertising, 10 cts. per agate line for each insertion, for display; 25 cts. per line for reading notices.

Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Shall Women Propose.

Some bachelor has been exciting himself on the question "Shall Women Propose?" and I have been asked what I think about it. Well really the necessity for thinking about it has not yet occurred to me. But the matter must be take into consideration. As to its expediency I cannot say, not having as yet put the matter to a practical test. But I should imagine it would be a very brave man who would refuse any lady who should do him such an honor. As to its advisability—that seems to me a matter depending on the lady's anxiety to get married. As to its propriety I fancy that in this, as in every other matter, each woman is a law unto herself. A four-foot woman would require some assurance to ask a seven-foot man to marry her, while on the other hand, a Juno-like maiden could graciously and becomingly extend her hand to a masculine pigmy beneath. As to to its rightness or wrongness, if a man can reconcile it to his conscience to ask a woman to take shares in an unlimited responsibility concern, a woman need not feel backward. She at all events will do her part. The point of the query is this: Any man can ask any one of the millions of girls in the world to marry him, while his sister is limited to the one, two, or a dozen men who may propose to her. Numerically the man has the advantage. He is the earth and she the mustard seed. But when the choice is made they are even in the matter of number, and then she has got the earth and he a mustard seed The reversal in positions is often sudden. But seriously speaking—it is difficult in leap-year to speak seriously on such a topic—there are fewer matters needing reform than this and fewer likely ever to get it. The iron rod custom will never blossom into forgetfulness of male prerogatives until

"The pole-star sets, and the waves are still.
And you hear the voice of the whipperwill,
With the voice of the ice-berg blending."

Visitors to the Sanctum.

And of course everyone who came in before and after taking Patti talked of her. The tenor of their remarks varied in accordance with whether they were going to hear her or not. In the former case they were disparaging; thought there were plenty of other as good singers in America alone; fancied she was played-out; insinuated that she owed her reputation to her charm of manner; asserted that she was not considered a musician in Europe; considered five dollars too steep for one evening's doubtful pleasure, and so on. In the latter case they were enthusiastic as becomes those who have purchased the right to be critical. It is curious how the moment one buys a ticket for anything one begins to praise it up. One feels a sort of proprietary interest in it, and one is bound to shew others that no mistake was made as to the attraction of the affair.

And after?

The same phenomenon was visible. People who paid five dollars were not going to let those of us who had'nt it to pay fancy that they had not got the worth of their money. So it is pretty hard to tell whether they were really pleased or not. Some people would despise the musical performances of an angel. Her—but there is no scriptural authority for a female angel is there?—well—his "phrasing" would no doubt be faulty, and the performance in the light of modern criticism would probably lack tone. But Patti's eyes are finer than Bernhardt's, some one, told me, and "her voice's music—call it the well's bubble, the bird's warble."

One can get Browning for everything.

"Do you know where those lines are from?" I looked to ask Flips and Moosey. (The one is as likely to know as the other.) Of course they did not know. So then I stopped writing of what my visitors thought of Patti, to explain to them that Browning's drama, "A Drop on the Scutcheon," had in it this little song.

"There's a woman like a dewdrop,
She's so purer than the purest,
And her noble heart's the nobelest,
Yes, and her sure faith's the surest
And her eyes are dark and humid
Like the depth on depth of lustre,
Hid i' the harebell; while her tresses,
Sunnier than the wild-grapes cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty
Down her neck's rose-tinted marble.
Then her voice's music—call it
The well's bubble, the bird's warble.
And this woman says: "My days
Are sunless and my nights are moonless
Parched the pleasant April herbage,
And the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you love me not"—and I, who
("Ah for words of flame!) adore her,
Who'am mad to lay my spirit
Prostrate palpable before her,
I may enter at her portal soon,
As now her lattice takes me,
And by moontide, as by midnight,
Make her mine, as her's she makes me."

Very few women read Browning, for some reason or other. Plenty of men do, or say they do, but women read Mrs. Browning if they read any of the family. Why is it? What poets do you read anyway?

Why don't you come and see me and tell me all about everything? I am always in the Sanctum in the mornings. I am there in the afternoons too, but I am not in the same beautiful state of mind in the afternoons. Good temper is not warranted to last all day. And you know I consider my letters visitors too so, "if you can't come write." This column is open to exchange opinions and stories—anecdotes I mean. Whatever else the Sanctum is it is truthful.

The Brownings' did not "collaborate" much did they? That seems to be a recent device of the evil one. Of course collaborating varies according to circumstances. I know a girl who wrote a novel in conjunction with a young man. I asked her one day how they managed it and she said:

"Well we worked at it together, don't you know.?"

Word about, or sentence about, or chapter about?

"Well not exactly—He wrote all of it but——"

"What on earth did you do then?"

"I shewed him how—some parts."

But to go back to music. I read somewhere the other day something—I forget exactly what—about the way people sing now-a-days. But as a matter of fact they do not sing now. They rather execute passages and render selections. We are too dreadfully concerned with the work going on behind the scenes, the past, present and future of the performer. It has long since ceased to be a question of whether we like artists or not, but whether they are artistic, trained, and five hundred other things. We are "accustomed to tracking the human voice through the mazes of far-fetched modulations, to noting its disappearance under complicated instrumental currents, and its sometimes painful efforts at re-appearance on the surface of this musical whirlpool." We are long unaccustomed to music that sings.

I went in for a moment to a certain scholarstic institution with which I was once connected. I intended to pay a long visit. On the very threshold I was met by the following remarks:

"Oh Scissors! Here's the Editress!"

"How pensive she looks?"

"Here are ten poems I've been saving for you."

"Do you want a sub-editor at ten thousand a year?"

"What will you take for a sermon from me?"

Do you wonder I turned and fled out into the rain and the wind? Hereafter the institution can come to me. No one ever desecrates the Sanctum by a pun and none ever shall. I have spoken.

I sat in the Sanctum all morning waiting for some one to visit me but everybody is down with *La Grippe*. I did not feel like writing and the music of type-writers is not calculated to lull one from the woes of the world. So I grew gloomy, a state of mind so unusual that I rushed and got a pen to describe how I felt. There's no telling when I might ever be gloomy again, and some time when I wanted to describe how the heroine felt after the hero had exhibited signs of aicholic tendencies, or the hero experienced when the heroine danced six dances with the other man, I could utilize my own feelings, I should then be sure of a reliable description. That is no excuse for my making you gloomy, you say, but I cannot help it. You have got to take your writers "as you do your meals as they are dished up to you." It's no use your groaning. You have got to listen because there's something funny in it, but I wont tell just where, because then you would skip to it. Now look for it.

GLOOM.

AN ORIGINAL ESSAY BY THE EDITOR.

When you are gloomy, the sun need not bother shining because you don't care whether it shines or not. The fact that the day is raining is regarded as only part of the general place of nature to crush joy out of your life. So much for the weather which is of no account at all with a person whose conversational ability is as brilliant as that of the author. When gloom reigns in your heart there is no room for any one else to reign there. Your dear Bessie or your devoted Charlie as the case may be, are not in it for the time being. (This is no pun, the author does not indulge in puns when she is gloomy). There is likewise no pleasure to be derived from the sound of the dinner-gong. Eating is only one of the disagreeable necessities of living. Nor does the sight of your new ball-gown convey any raptures of anticipation. You rather reflect on the wreck it will be after its debut. Old letters make you weep. New ones suggest answers. To stay in is despair, to go out suicide. Blue sky is an insult. You can supply enough blueness for a ruin. You loathe your friends and feel murderous towards your relations. Aimability on their part is maddening, while ill-treatment is just what you would expect from them. Dismal prophecies haunt you. Everything bad that has not yet happened is sure to happen. Life holds no happiness in store for you. The low opinion you have been holding of yourself is now confirmed. You are not surprised that Jones called you a prig and that Miss Dimples said you had big feet. Even remarks about your temper are regarded with gloomy satisfaction. All is dark dense gloom "No pause, no change, no hope, yet I endure." The end.

You don't think there's anything funny in that? Neither do I.

A propos of the article in this issue on "Sha ll Women Propose," it is said that Patti proposed to her husband. He said to her one day.

"All Paris says we are engaged."

"Well said she," why not?"

The distinguished wife of the famous M. de Lessop has also conquered her feminine prejudice to that extent. Mrs. Hopkins, the millionaire widow and her husband Mr. Scarles, and also the Baroness Purdett Coutts, are other examples. I should like to know what some of my other visitors think about the matter.

Madge Robertson

Mushrooms.

Poisoning by mushrooms is generally caused by the disregard of very simple points of observation. In the first place, no one should undertake to gather these excellent foods without being fully informed as to their shape, color, odor and taste. There are many books giving all these in detail, and in various parts of the writer's works the most minute cautions are specified. Here it need only be said that any mushroom which looks clean and fresh, is not worm-eaten, has pink gills under a buff colored cap that turns dark when bruised or matured, has a nutty taste and pleasant odor, may be presumed to be good. Mushroom gatherers avoid fungi growing from what is called a vulva or hollow cup at the base of the stem. The writer's test, after noting the above characteristics, is to taste a small portion of the cap without swallowing it. If the flavor is sweet and nutty, and does not sting or burn the throat, the specimen, even if unknown, is placed among the candidates for cooking. Some salt is always carried, and a litttle is held in the mouth for a moment; still a little more is swallowed, care being taken not to swallow a particle of the mushroom. When the mushrooms are gathered, they should all be carefully washed in water containing salt. These precautions all insure safety. In fact, when poisoning by any kind of fungi has occurred, some carelessness of choice or preparation has been noted. Old-fashioned cooks usually relied upon using a silver spoon when cooking suspicious fungi; but the test has not been proven infallible. In case of actual poisoning use the same treatment as for narcotics, i. e., emetics, stimulative restoratives, and the earliest possible attention of a competent physician. It may be said in passing that mushrooms are far more important as an article of food than is generally understood. They rank next to meat in savor and nutriment, having largely replaced it in the South during the war.

Too many people fail to keep a proper supply of scissors in the household. It is false economy to allow a single pair to do all the work. The work-basket should be furnished with long, slender shears for general cutting, short button-hole scissors to do their own work, and a pair of small scissors for general use. There should be a special pair of scissors to clip papers, if any of the family keep a scrap book, as nothing injuries scissors so quickly as to use them to cut paper and cloth indiscriminately. In the country you want scissors to cut flowers. There should always be a pair of scissors in the kitchen for trimming lamps and for various other uses there, Neither scissors, knives nor any other steel instruments should be heated, because in doing so you run the risk of taking the "temper" out of the instrument, and if once out, it can never be restored. The fact that the "temper" is gone is shown by the steel turning blue. An experienced cutter can sharpen an instrument which has lost its "temper," but it will not remain sharp for any length of time, and the process of sharpening needs to be repeated indefinitely and frequently, until it becomes burdensome.

The Origin of the Thimble.—It is said that thimbles (which are claimed as a Dutch invention) have been found at Herculaneum. The etymology of thimble is from thumb-bell, as it was formerly worn, like sailors' thimble, on the thumb. The Germans call the thimble "finger-hut" (finger-hat). A silver thimble is a very small thing, yet it takes more than twenty men, besides a great deal of machinery, to make one. The manufacture of thimbles was introduced into England from Holland in 1695, by John Softing.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Enough To Do.

—o—

One morn, as the dominie went his way,
To visit the sick, and to comfort the poor,
A mither and bairns, in most sorry array,
He found at a cot, on the edge of the moor.

Addressing himself to the difficult task
Of caring for souls, this most worthy of men,
Courageously ventured the gude wife to ask,
"Good woman, keep you the commandments all ten?"

But she of the country of lochs, and of cairns,
All doubts on the subject did quickly dispel,
"What keep the commandments wi' a' o' these bairns?
It's a' I can do mon, to keep but oorsel'."

Elderly Miss Langton.

—o—

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR MR. RAVELLE,

"Will you call upon Miss Langton, and make her the subject of our next 'Well-known People' paper. Her labors in connection with the question of dwellings for the poor, soup-kitchens, and half-penny dinners, have made her name famous, and a notice of her would be of especial interest to the readers of the *Friend of All*. Miss Langton's address is 37, Malvina Road, South Kensington.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"JOHN SHERMAN."

Thus, in "square-toed" style, and in the vilest caligraphy, wrote the editor of a decidedly "square toed" weekly periodical to his new contributor, who drew his straight black brows together as he read,

You would not have thought Bertie Ravelle exactly the kind of man to be on the staff of such a paper as the *Friend of All*—a very "serious sheet, of a religiously-secular character, principally patronized by thoughtful middle-aged ladies and gentlemen who subscribed to charities and took a general interest in model dwelling, drinking-fountain, and "open spaces for the poor."

The handsome young Oxford man who pulled his moustache, and went "Whew!" over the prospect before him, savored rather of Pall Mall and the clubs than of the world that smacks of Exeter Hall. But the well-worn axiom of Fouche, "*Il faut vivre*," holds good; and Bertie Ravelle, well-born, well-educated had found that Latin and Greek don't always mean bread and butter, and brilliant articles for reviews have a limited sale. Therefore, when chance threw it in his way to add the *Friend of All* to his at present limited list of papers, he could not afford to refuse the work, although it was far from congenial; and he was obliged to subdue his brilliant style to the more sober tone of the *Friend of All*.

Of late the editor had published articles of the "interview" order, the subjects of which were all, of course, eminently useful people; but the articles had been written by a member of the staff who was now absent through illness.

"You can do that kind of thing, Mr. Ravelle," said the editor; and Ravelle replied that no doubt he could.

But he had never done "that kind of thing;" and when the letter came which actually ordered an "interview," he felt somewhat taken aback.

"Wonder how I shall set about it?" he mused, pushing his hand through his curly hair. "I could 'cook' the article, if the old lady would send me some statistics and pars about herself, and leaflets about blanket-clubs and ragged dinners. An elderly, prim spectacled dame! And the crams I shall have to tell! for I never heard of her before; and I don't care a continental—as an American would say—for the ragamuffin ticket."

However, the thing had to be done, and there was no time to be lost—no time even to write and make an appointment. Ravelle must call, and take his chance of finding Miss Langton disengaged and explain why he had not first asked for an appointment.

He left home in time to reach Malvina Road about three o'clock, though as likely as not, he reflected, the old lady would be holding a *levee* of philanthropists, male and female.

He naturally glanced up at the front of the house, and noticed that the drawing-room windows were draped with white lace curtains, tied back with rose-colored sashes. That had a rather coquettish look; perhaps Miss Langton was not so prim as he had imagined.

He knocked at the door, and it was opened by a neat-looking parlor-maid.

"Is Miss Langton at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you ask her if she can see me for a few minutes? I will not detain her long."

The servant looked at the card he gave her, "Mr. Albert Ravelle, New College, Oxford;" but Ravelle carried his best credentials in his unmistakable mien and manner of gentleman.

The servant disappeared into a room near, and in a minute came out, and, asking the visitor to follow her, led the way upstairs to the drawing-room, where she left him with the information that Miss Langton would be with him in a few minutes.

Ravelle naturally looked about him, though his good-breeding forbade his making a tour of inspection.

The appearance of the room puzzled him. It was furnished in a graceful, artistic fashion, with bamboo tables and chairs, æsthetic plush upholstery, Indian muslin curtains, big jars containing ferns or feathery grasses, Indian mats and rugs scattered about, a grand piano, open, and on the desk a piece of music—what it was Ravelle could not see from where he sat, and he would not for the world have crossed the room to see.

Nowhere was there a sign of a prospectus, a tract, or a "goody" magazine. Ravelle had never seen a "goody" drawing-room, that he knew of; but he had pictured it as something very different from this worldly, but charmingly pretty apartment.

And while he still wondered the door opened, and he rose and turned—to see a young lady of perhaps twenty—not a day more—tall, slight, remarkably pretty, with very brilliant dark eyes, and curly light hair; and she wore a bewitching tea-gown of French gray plush and amber.

She was quite in keeping with the room; it made exactly the right background for her; but Ravelle was more bewildered than ever, for what place had this picturesque, artistic figure, in the domestic economy of the Langton *menage*? What possible connection could there be between her and soup-kitchens, coal tickets, and mothers' meetings?

"You wished to see me?" she began, in a very sweet voice, pitched in a soft, low key.

"I beg your pardon," said Ravelle, bowing again. "I asked to see Miss Langton."

"I am Miss Langton," with a flash of amusement in the dark eyes.

"You—Miss Langton——"

He really could get no farther.

The young lady came to his rescue with ready self-possession.

"I am the only Miss Langton in this house," she said, smiling. "Miss Dorothy Langton. Perhaps there is some mistake?"

"No," said Ravelle, recovering himself: "but forgive me, I could not imagine—I—the truth is, Miss Langton"—she had advanced and taken a seat, inviting him by a gesture to resume his—"I venture to call on behalf of the editor of a paper—the *Friend of All*—you would know its name, of course?"

She looked up with a quick questioning in her eyes, a pretty movement of her head.

What a bewitching creature she was!

"yes?" she said, interrogatively, as he paused.

There was a smile lurking at the corners of her mouth. She smoothed it away, and dropped her eyes demurely.

"We have been publishing lately," Ravelle went on, "'At Home' sketches of well-known people, and I was asked to call upon you as an eminent—philanthropist"—just a movement of the straight brows, but not the shadow of a smile on her face—Ravelle had no small difficulty to suppress it on his—"in the hope," he continued, bravely, "that you would allow a notice to appear. I ought to have written to you to ask you this beforehand, but I only heard this morning from the editor, and the article is required for this week's issue."

Miss Langton rose, and crossing the room to the piano, took the music off the desk, and put it into a canterbury. She seemed unnecessarily long over this simple operation; and when she raised herself and turned round, there was a flush on her face.

"I have no objection," she said—there was a sort of suppressed tone in her voice, and now she seated herself with her back to the light. "You pay me a great compliment. My poor labors cannot be worth recording."

"That is naturally your estimate of them," said Ravelle, politely.

But he thought there was something unreal in her manner as she spoke. Was she one of those fashionable young women who get the name of being charitable, and only give the money, while others do the disagreeable part of the work?

"But the public," he added "thinks differently."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you want me to tell you?" she said.

Ravelle laughed frankly.

"The fact is," said he, "I am new to this kind of work; and I hardly know where to begin."

Miss Dorothy Langton laughed too.

"So am I new to it," she remarked; "I was never interviewed before."

"Indeed! I understood from someone that there was an account of you in the *Christian—Christian* something-or-other——"

"Oh—h—was there? I forget; but you certainly don't seem very well up in the names of those 'goody' papers, Mr. Ravelle?'

How roguish she looked!

Well, no—the whole thing is out of my line," replied Ravelle, divided between admiration of his charming "subject" and an uncomfortable impression of her insincerity. No more complete bouleversement of accepted canons could be than the appearance, manner, and mode of talking of Miss Langton. She was actually making fun of "goody" papers—she whose whole platform was goody!"

"It is easy to see that!" chimed in the young lady. "Well, can't you just describe me and the room, and then talk in a vague, general way about soup-kitchens, and all the rest of it? I really don't care about puffing myself."

"Ye—es," said Ravelle, "but pehaps a few particulars——"

"Do you mean what first gave me the idea? I believe it was seeing a ragged boy on a door-step one night; and then I founded' a soup-kitchen in Bermondsey——"

"That seems a very out-of-the-way place," said Ravelle, smiling.

"There are lots of poor people there," replied Miss Langton, gravely. "Are you going to take that down?"

"I shall remember it, thanks."

"Oh! I thought an interviewer always took notes. Well, then. I set up a club for shoeing poor boys——"

"Was that what you called it?"

"Yes, why not? Oh! you think it sounds like horses? Do you know, that never occurred to me. I'll alter the name. Then followed the blanket-club—and the—the mothers' meetings—and I had a guild for distributing tracts——"

"A guild!"

"Haven't you ever heard of guilds?" said Miss Langton, severely.

"I really don't know what you have to do on a serious paper."

"Nor do I. But I've heard enough of guilds at Oxford—only it's a high-church idea, isn't it?"

"And I am low church—so I am," said Miss Langton, clasping her pretty white hands on her knee. "But I have no prejudices, Mr. Ravelle. What's in a name. I don't mind the word guild. Do you?"

"Oh! no. I'm a high churchman myself. I was only surprised that's all."

"You've been surprised all the time," said Miss Langton, coolly. "You came prepared to see a starch old frump of fifty, with spectacles and gray hair—didn't you?"

Ravelle burst out laughing.

"Well, I confess I did. I can't associate the idea of soup-kitchens and arrowroot-clubs with you, Miss Langton."

"Nor can anyone else, that I know of," said the young lady. "But I don't believe there is such a thing as an arrowroot-club. I haven't got one. But, oh! do you know I have a gruel society!"

"What in the world's that?" exclaimed Ravelle amazed.

"A society for supplying hot gruel to cabmen at night. You wouldn't believe how the men appreciate it."

"I shouldn't!" said Ravelle, promptly. "I wouldn't touch gruel!"

"But your not a cabman, I suppose you wouldn't eat slabs of boiled dough either, but they do. Don't forget the gruel society—it's one of my pet fads."

"I am not likely to forget it," replied Ravelle, smiling. Certainly, he thought, this lovely philanthropist was a mere dilettante.

"You shall come down one day to Bermondsey," pursued Miss Langton, "and see me ladling out soup."

You do it yourself?" said he. He thought he would go anywhere to see her again. Bermondsey seemed only in the next street.

"To be sure I do. Oh! you set me down as a fashionable faddist."

Ravelle colored, and began an excuse; but Miss Langton cut him short.

"Oh! I don't blame you. People always fancy that philanthropy and primness are Siamese twins. I mean to open your eyes. Now, haven't you got about enough for your sketch?"

"I suppose I must say yes, Miss Langton, and apologize for taking up so much of your valuable time. But you have been too modest—you have told me so little."

"Oh! you can ga—I mean," correcting herself—"you can put in a lot yourself, can't you?"

"I think I can manage without that," said he, rising. "Thank you very much."

"Don't mention it; I am so pleased to be of service to your paper. I am sorry that I have to cut you short; but I have an appointment in ten minutes' time. You will send me a copy of the paper?"

"Certainly. She gave him her hand. He would have given something to hold the pretty hand in his a little longer than conventionality allowed; but that was impossible. He bade adieu, and went out, vowing inwardly to see the charming philanthropist again—and soon. Ah! There was the Bermondsey soup distribution! He could remind her of her promise. He went home, and sat down to write his article *con amore*.

CHAPTER II.

As a rule Mr. John Sherman had proofs of all the articles that went into the *Friend of All*; but this week the "interview" was late, the "copy" not reaching the office until the editor had left, and the paper went to press the same night. The matter was put in hand at once, and the paper duly went to press.

Ravelle had done his best, as usual, to "tone down," but in spite of this his article on "Miss Dorothy Langton" was rather brilliant specimen of writing for the sober sheet in which it appeared. There was a preamble about the upsetting of all preconceived ideas, all accepted canons in the *menage*, personal appearance, and manners of the "famous philanthropist whose good works are household words." Then followed a description of the dainty drawing-room, and the sunny-tressed dark-eyed young lady in the plush tea-gown, who announced herself as Miss Dorothy Langton. Several of the lady's speeches were given with an accuracy extremely significant, seeing that the young man had not taken notes; out came the Bermondsey Soup Kitchen, the Poor Boy Shoeing Club, the Tract Distribution Guild; and over the Gruel Society the writer grew quite eloquent. Three columns of leader type were devoted to number six of "Well-Known People—Miss Dorothy Langton," and if Bertie Ravelle wanted to create a sensation he certainly succeeded. *Morning Argus*, immortalized by Max Adeler, did not "hum around this town" more loudly than the *Friend of All* "hummed" among the "all" who subscribed to it. Every post that day brought shoals of indignant, amazed, stern reproachful letters to the distracted editor; and the next day, and the next they poured in from outraged country subscribers. But "we anticipate."

Ravelle, of course, had two copies early in the morning, and directly after breakfast he posted one to 37, Malvina Road, and returned to work. He was in the midst of some letters, about ten o'clock, when a telegram was given him from Mr. Sherman:

"Come to office at once. Most important."

"What's up now!" thought Ravelle; but he took a cab and drove into Fleet Street. As he passed through the publishing office he saw two or three clerks with their heads together over the paper, and they were all sputtering and gurgling with laughter, the merriment reaching an explosive point when they saw Ravelle.

"what in the world is the matter?" thought he: but he passed on, and on the stairs met one of the editors—a young man who was not always so "serious" as became his occupation.

"I say, Ravelle," said he, you'll catch it! The governor's just mad!"

"Mad! what for?"

But the other went off into a choking fit, and rushed away to avoid breaking into a shriek. Puzzled and uneasy, a slight flush on his cheek, Ravelle tapped at the door of the editorial sanctum.

"Come in!" said a gruff voice, and as he entered he felt as if he had walked straight into a thunder-storm. There stood Mr. Sherman, the *Friend of All* spread open at the "Interview," his face as black as the inkiest of thunder-clouds, his very hair bristling with wrath. He flashed out lightning and thunder together without an instant's pause.

"Pray, sir," he began, with fierce sarcasm, "will you explain the meaning of this article, and your reasons for bringing ridicule and discredit on the paper?"

Ravelle's look of absolute astonishment was almost unheeded; striking his hand on the offending sheet the editor stormed on:

"I wrote to you to interview Miss Langton, a woman whose name and work everyone knows, and you write a farrago of infernal twaddle about some disreputable dressed-up doll, soup-kitchens in Bermondsey, boy shoeing-clubs, as if boys were horses! and societies for giving cabmen gruel! Are you mad? What do you mean by all this, Mr. Ravelle? Who is this Dorothy Langton? Miss Langton's name is Martha—she is sixty at the least, stout, gray-haired. Good Heaven! sir, how dare you bring such disgrace on the paper. I——"

But here Mr. Sherman was fain to pause for sheer lack of breath, and had it not been for his chief's genuine perturbation, Ravelle could have flung himself into a chair and gone off into convulsions of laughter.

For he saw it all now—the terrible mistake he had made—all that had puzzled him about Miss Langton and her surroundings was made clear as day.

He had misread the direction, gone to the wrong house; and the mischievous girl discovering this, and his ignorance of the other Miss Langton and her "work," had, in vulgar parlance, "taken a rise" out of the young journalist.

But one assurance, at any rate, Ravelle could give his distracted chief; and this was, that Miss Langton was not "disreputable." The trickster was, beyond all doubt, a lady.

Mastering with difficulty the tempest of laughter that shook him inwardly, Ravelle began to explain matters.

"On my honour," he said, with an earnestness that carried conviction even to the angry editor, "I am guilty of no worse than a foolish mistake. I never saw Miss Langton. I know nothing of such people and their atmosphere. The address you gave me I read as 37 Malvina Road, South Kensington——"

"Good Heaven, no!—39 Malvern Road. But how in the name of common-sense could you swallow such fudge"(oh, Mr. Sherman!) "as gruel societies and Bermondsey soup-kitchens? How could you imagine such a popinjay as you describe was a benevolent friend of the poor?"

How indeed!

"You've been a fool, sir—an absolute fool!" cried the editor. "You're not fit for such a paper as this!"

Ravelle was trying to express his regret, when a tap came at the door, and Ravelle, opening it, received a letter from a messenger.

It was addressed to himself, and bore over the seal the words, "Royal Melpomene Theatre." The young man felt as if he knew what that letter would reveal.

Scarcely thinking what he did, he broke it open, and two small tickets fell on the table; but on the paper that had enclosed them Ravelle read:

"With compliments from Dorine Lesmore (Dorothy Langton)."

Dorine Lesmore! Ravelle knew that name well enough! She was the heroine of the comic opera now playing at the Melpomene. all the critics had praised her; everyone went to hear her; but Ravelle, who hated comic opera, had not yet been. Truly he had got the *Friend of All* into a dilemma! What was to be done? The editor was looking at him. Ravelle resolved to take the bull by the horns.

"The lady I interviewed is Dorine Lesmore."

"And who in the world is that, sir?"

"She is prima donna at—the—the Melpomene Theatre——"

But Ravelle's self-command was at an end. He just caught one glimpse of the editor's face, and the memory of the look on that face never left him. He fled precipitately. How he got down the stairs and into the street he never knew. He found himself somehow in a hansom, and then the tension gave way.

He fell back in the cab and laughed till he could laugh no longer; People who saw him must have thought he was in convulsions. The idea of the *Friend of All* containing an "interview" with the star of a comic opera was simply too much for the risible nerves of man. It stretched out into a vista of delights that positively dazzled the imagination. What fun the theatrical papers would make over it! How "the fellows" at the club would shriek!

When Ravelle reached home he fell down in a chair, and laughed more. How could he help it? Yet all the time he was sorry for the scandalized editor; but he gave no thought to the fact that he had done for his connection with the paper.

By-and-by he gathered himself together to go and call on Miss Langton. How she would "roast" him! But never mind!

He was shown into the pretty drawing-room, and almost immediately Miss Langton came in. She had opened her lips to say something; but the sight of her dupe seemed to be too much for her. She sat down suddenly, and began laughing, and Ravelle followed suit; and so for some minutes there wasn't a word between them.

At length the singer gasped out:

"Oh I am sorry—I really am—I thought ii would have been found out before it went into the paper! But it's all there—the shoeing club, and the gruel society, and the appreciative cabmen—I thought I should have died when I read that paper! I shall be as hoarse as a raven to-night from laughing all day! Pray do forgive me!" wiping the tears from her eyes. "I couldn't resist the fun. Do tell me all the rest."

So Ravelle told her, and she went off again, but presently grew graver.

"You will lose the work," she said; and it will be my fault. Oh! dear, I am grieved. Won't the editor overlook it?"

"I can hardly expect that; but indeed I shall do very well without the *Friend*, and it's awfully uphill work writing for it. They could never trust me to interview charitable ladies again."

"Well, I'm afraid not?" and then there was a fresh fit of merriment. "You positively drove me into deceiving you," said Dorothy, at length; "and I nearly betrayed myself downright once. I was going to say 'gag'——"

"I remember. I was really very stupid."

"Oh! I don't know. You were clearly very ignorant about the benevolent platform; but I am really a good deal ashamed of myself."

"Don't be that, please," said Ravelle, earnestly. "It was a grand lark, and though I am sorry for poor old Sherman, I don't seem able to wish the thing undone."

"Don't you? Well, it was grand fun. How I kept from shrieking in your face when you were taking in all that rubbish, I can't imagine! Will you stay to luncheon? I should like to introduce you to my mother and sister."

Ravelle was nothing loth, and found Mrs. Langton a charming elderly lady, and her other daughter a very pleasant girl; but in regard to Dorothy he felt that if he could not see her often, he would be wisest not to see her at all.

He went to the Melpomene in the evening, and Dorothy's singing and acting reconciled him to comic opera; and when he reached home at night, there was a letter from Mr. Sherman, kindly, though somewhat stiffly, dismissing him from the staff of the *Friend of All*.

It was months before either the editor or the paper recovered from that unlucky "interview;" the former was chaffed personally, and through his paper, until he contemplated suicide; but the unconscious perpetrator of the mischief got—through Dorothy—on the staff of a paper, where he was well paid for congenial work.

He had become by this time a familiar friend in Malvina Road, and so when he called to thank Dorothy for the introduction that had obtained him the work, and to tell her of his success, he walked straight up to the drawing-room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Dorothy, and a quick color crossed her cheek when she saw who it was. She was sitting on a couch by the fire. "Well," she said, "I hope you have good news for me?"

"The best," he answered, sitting down by her and taking her hand—"thanks to you."

"I am so glad!" said she, glancing at him fleetingly, and trying to draw her hand away; but he held it closer, and bent down to her.

"And the very crown of it all," he said, softly, "is that I owe it to you, Miss Dorothy."

The girl flushed deeply, and turned her head away.

But when Ravelle put his arm round her and drew her to his side, she did not resist him; nor did she forbid him to kiss her lips, or decline the honor of becoming his wife.

She forgot all about the new song she was practicing, finding it much more agreeable to nestle in her lover's arms, and listen to his nonsense, and to talk a little of her own.

"Fancy," said she, with a happy little laugh, "all this coming of your misreading an address, and calling at the wrong house. I think I shall have that article framed and hung up, as a memento. And, Bertie——"

"Yes, dearest?"

"I think—when—when—we are married, we must give the poor people of the theatre a dinner, and I'll ladle out the soup myself."

The dinner duly came off, and Mr. Ravelle's pretty hands served the soup. So the Bermondsey soup-kitchen was to some extent realized in fact.

But the elderly Miss Langton, the real Simon Pure, never forgave the editor of the *Friend of All* for the ridicule cast on her name and her cause.

She ceased to subscribe to the offending newspaper, and took in a bitter sheet called *Christian Charity* instead.

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—Mrs. Browning.

Birth of the Dimple.

I spoke of the rose leaf within her chin,
And she said, with a little nod,
As she touched a dimple as sweet as love,
"Oh, that was a kiss from God."

—Ella Higginson.

The Reviews.

The February North American Review is somewhat political in its tenor. "How to attack the Tariff," by Hon. W. M. Springer; "Duty and Destiny of England in India," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "The Olympian Religion," by Right Hon. W. G. Gladstone, are the leading features. The names of the other contributors need only be mentioned to show the exceeding tempting quality of the fare the editor of the "live" Review dishes up for its readers. W. Clark Russell, Right Hon. Earl De La Mare, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Edmund C. Stanton, Anthony Comstock, Hon. Richard Croker, Erastus Wiman, Henry Lucy, Elizabeth Lady Stanton, General John Gibbon, Stephen Wise, are a sufficiently attractive menu for any intellectual feast. It is a capital number and is an evidence of the progress of The Review.

The Contemporary Review for February keeps up its usual high tone. Every article is a leading one. There are no special attractions, because each is special. Archibald Forbes is a name that insets one's attention on the title page of any publication. He writes on "The Failure of the Nile Campaign," and he is, needless to say, up in his subject. Francis Adams' "New Capitalist" is a wonderful bit of writing. One is carried away by the style of the author and is impressed afterwards with admiration for his grasp of the subject. "Liberal Theology in the Church" is confined to the Church of England and seems to be practicable as well as thoughtful and deadly in earnest. Lovers of Carlyle—and are not their names legion?—will find Sir Garan Duffy's "Conversation and Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle" delightfully reminiscent. The Tsar Persecutor," by E. B. Lauin, throws some clear light on the vexed problem of religion in Russia. Dr. Abbot's volumn, "Philomy thus" is discussed by the late Bishop of Carlisle, under "Probability and Faith." Two highly instructive and interesting articles are "Village Life in France and England," and "The Water Companies."

On the title page of The Forum for February, one's eyes are caught by the name of Francis G. Peabody, Hamilton W. Mabie, Horace White, Hon. E. J. Phelps. This issue discusses "Great Problems of Commercial Development," by Hon. Warner Miller, Capt. W. L. Merry, Senator C. K. Davis and Gov. John W. Irwin. The political articles are, "Perils of our National Elections," by ex-Senator G. F. Edmunds, "The Choice of Presidential Elections," "Is our Military Training Adequate," by Col. Charles W. Larned.

A New Book.

Williamson & Co. are issuing "Christianity and some of its Evidences," by Hon. Oliver Mowat, in the little pamphlet form familiar to the readers of Professor Drummond's lectures. Satiny binding, creamery paper and clear type all making an attractive little volume. Mr. Mowat's views on any subject could but be received with respectful consideration, but peculiarly so in a question of this kind. An eminent judge, a lawyer of the highest standing, a legislator of acknowledged ability he is specially competent to deal with questions of "Evidence." While still in the vigor of intellectual manhood, he "calmly and dispassionatly" submits this truly important matter to the test of a searching examination, as the result of this labor, he avows his belief in a perhaps rather broad view of the doctrines held by all orthodox believers. With broad and comprehensive grasp. Characteristic of the man, he seizes on the great truths of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. With God's love to man as a starting point he marches steadily on. No turning aside to explore alluring by-paths, not a glance at the zig zag rocky way marked "Apostolic Succession." Not a turning of the eye to the sylvan shade with the music of the waterfall in the distance unheeding the disused road, "Verbal Inspiration" just pausing to leave a rich light at the entrance of the dark cavern: "Eternal Punishment." Steadily onward till in the dim distance he beholds the dawning of the day, when all men shall truly know the Lord. He pictures the world with Christ's law of love, the dominating feature. The book is written for common people. It is not necessary to be a scholar to intelligently follow the forcible reasoning and strong argument by which he establishes his "Evidences," Any attempt at condensation for the purpose of review must be futile, the book itself being a marvel of condensed and consive matter, must be read as a whole to be understood and enjoyed. We close this imperfect sketch with his description of what the happy future will be like. Sentences so eloquent, so full of noble thoughts and beautiful imagery that we should like to give it entire—but space forbids. Read it each of you for yourselves.

Was Goldsmith a Plagiarist?

Charles R. Hardy says: "I never heard that Goldsmith was ever accused of plagiarism, but it seems to me no one can read his delightful sketch, "The Vicar of Wakefield," without noticing the remarkable resemblance between it and the book of Job. Leaving out the long philosophical arguments, which take up most of the sacred narrative, we find the following striking coincidences:

Job was a man perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil. Dr. Primrose was an upright and Godly man, of simple faith and trustfulness.

Both were men of wealth, and both had a family of several sons and daughters.

Both lost all their possessions, and were bereaved of their children.

Job was afflicted with boils and lay on an ash heap. Dr. Primrose received a severe burn, and lay on a pallet of straw in prison.

Job's wife and friends reviled him for his meekness, and Dr. Primrose's wife and parishioners urged him to resent his persecutions.

Job "did not sin with his lips," aud Dr. Primrose was patient and forgiving.

In the end Job's children are restored, and God gives him twice the wealth he had before. Dr. Primrose's children also are restored and he gains greater wealth.

Out of the simple story of Job's life as related in the Bible Goldsmith, constructed a charming story, that is regarded as one of the choicest bits of the English classics, yet I would be far from accusing him of plagiarism. Whether he took his material from the Bible or not, his genius certainly formed a sweet and lovely character, that will always be admired by thousands of delighted readers who will never learn the lesson of patient suffering from the majestic Biblical drama."

TWENTY-TWO newspapers in the State of Kansas are edited by women.

THE real name of "E. Werner," the German novelist, translations of whose stories are so popular in this country, is Elizabeth Burstenbinder; she is a spinster and lives in Berlin.

CANADIAN Literature is certainly being developed. Next week Miss Pauline Johnson the Indian Poetess, is to give a series of readings from her own writings, in Association Hall, Toronto, February 19th.

"THE mesmeric force," says Walter Besant, "is everywhere; the poet, the actor, dramatist, the novelist (who succeeds) has it; they call it genius, but it is the same mysterious power which makes a witch the terror of the village which helps the performer on the stage to do with his subjects what he pleases."

IT IS related of Lord Tennyson, that, some twenty-five years ago, the wife of a clergyman living at Richmond, in Surrey, considerably perplexed as to the meaning of a certain passage in one of his poems, wrote to the auther and asked him to explain. In response, she received the following, "Dear Madame: I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson."

Let us Live.

It is the savings grace of life for the modern girl that she does not follow in the fateful lines laid down by her multitude of counsellors, who are still back in the Dark Ages, so to speak, and are not in touch with modern educative conditions. The university life and the women's colleges of today must bear little resemblence to the seminary and the boarding-school of the past, and some of the "advice to girls" floating about the press is too absurd for a comedy. As for instance:

Every girl should have a definite idea of accomplishing a certain kind of work each day. Study comes under this head, as does intelligent reading—not the perusing of fiction or sentimental poetry, but the works of standard authors. Don't cultivate a taste for novels, for too often they spoil a young mind for the real life which is to come, and which is so very different from the descriptions found between book covers.

How, it may be submitted, is a girl to "read standard authors," is she to "exclude fiction?" Are not Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Daudet, Maupessant, Edgar Fawcett, George Meredith, Tolstoi and Mrs. Humphrey Ward standard authors. What kind of culture would be that excluding the greatest prose romance in literature?

By "sentimental" poetry the writer (who, apparently, does not make nice distinctions in the significance of words) probably means poetry of sentiment, which would exclude nearly all the poets from Homer to Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell and Whittier.

And again: Never put away a garment torn or with buttons missing. The day you can close your bureau drawer on heelless stockings and torn underwear, that day you have laid the foundation for—

And an enumeration of an appalling train of evils follows this pronunciamento. It is a human being, then, merely a machine, whose chief use is to mend clothing and sew on buttons! Shall a bit of mending be exalted before a thousand other duties, privileges or opportunities of life. That garments should be duly repaired is all very well, subordinate to its proper time and place, but in this age there are plenty of better things to be done by an intelligent girl than using her time and nervous force over some mechanical piece of work, that the uneducated worker who can only live by mechanical employment can do, and who needs this employment. It is not that one would advocate untidiness, nor yet idleness. But it is the part of wisdom to discriminate between the important and the unimportant, the essential and the non-essential in life. We have fallen on times when the force of educated women is largely needed in the higher ministrations of life. She must be a home-keeper, not a mere house-keeper. There is a vast difference. Or, if she is the life of art, or professions, or social work, her best strength must go to her especial work.

The woman who would successfully meet the complicated demands of modern life, of that life of intellectual energy and spiritual force expected of her, cannot enter into the mechanical labor of a past generation. Nor is there the slightest need that she should. As well advocate the return of the spinning-wheel into the home. The woman of wealth can use her time to better propose than in drudgery. The woman who is earning her own living can, least of all, afford to dissipate her energies in this way. What success would attend men in art, letters or business if every man felt it a moral duty to be his own tailor?

After all, the most valuable result, perhaps, of the higher education for women, is that it develops and adjustable force which she is able to easily apply in any direction, or under any conditions. It is only the uneducated, or the half-educated, who can do but one thing. The genuinely cutivated woman can do many things, and be ready to lend a hand whenever life has needs. And as we live mostly by our faiths, our convictions, and by imaginative power of vision—that discerns noble ideals and endeavors to realize them—then by all means let all the poetry of the poets, all the grace and sweetness of great prose romance, add its stimulus to the imagination and its charm to actual living. The best is none too good for human nature's daily food.

The Mozart Family.

In July, 1763, Leopold Mozart, the father, oblained leave to quit Salzburg with his two children, Wolfgang and Marianne (the "Nannerl" of her brother's letters), for a prolonged tour. Having visited Munich and Paris, they arrived in England on April 10, 1764. Their first lodgings in London were at Cecil-Court, between St. Martin's-lane and Charing Cross-road, of which the last remaining houses were pulled down some months ago. In that same year the family lodged also at Williamson's, in Frith-street, Soho: and with Dr. Randal, in the Five Field, now Lower Ebury-street, Pimlico, where Mozart composed his first symphony, and was visited by Daines Barrington, who wrote a paper, printed in the Royal Society's Philosophical Transactions, upon the children's genius. The brother and sister gave their first concert in public on June 5, in the Great Concert Room, Spring-gardens. In the following year we hear of them as holding private audiences at the Swan and Hoop, Cornhill, where they used to play from twelve to three, the father charging 2s. 6d. for a ticket. In May they

THE MOZART FAMILY.

gave a concert in Hickford's rooms, Brewer-street, Golden-square, announced thus: "For the benefit of Miss Mozart, of thirteen, and Master Mozart, of eight years of age, prodigies of Nature, a concert of music, with all the overtures of this little boy's own composition." The Mozarts went again to Dr. Randal's, and in August of this year (1765) they left England for Flanders, The Hague, and Amsterdam.

When Mozart was buried, on Dec. 6, 1791, in the graveyard of St. Marks, at Vienna, not even a stone was placed to mark the spot of his interment, and not till sixty-eight years afterward did the city of Vienna erect a monument to his memory in the churchyard

The Woman Who Speaks Her Mind.

In every neighborhood there is usually one woman, if not more, who is "not afraid to speak her mind." It frequently happens that the neighbors are afraid to have her do so, but that makes no difference. She is not always a bold, Amazon-like creature. Sometimes she is a delicate, intellectual woman who scarcely seems to have the courage which must manifestly belong to one of her genus. She evidently considers herself more honest than her neighbors. She never disguises disagreeable truths. If the Y's have indulged in extravagant table linen or carpets, she, being a deacon's wife and happening to know the state of their charitable fund, feels quite at liberty to relieve her mind of the unkind thoughts which have arisen therein, and to do this in the presence of a company of other women, if possible. She is not afraid to tell the minister that he will preach the church empty if he continues to deliver temperance sermons. She knows just why the doctor failed to cure a desperate case of pneumonia, and frankly tells him of it. The young woman who has lost her lover, and the one who is attracting too much attention from gentlemen, are other objects of her especial regard. No age, sex, or condition has sufficient dignity to subdue her freedom in speaking her mind, and the neighbors all agree in wishing that her mental powers were less acute.

The worst feature in this woman's case is that she and most of her friends—for there are few brave enough to become her enemies—believe that she is unusually virtuous. She calls her bitter readiness to speak disagreeable truths by various names, such as candor, frankness, honesty and courage. The fact that she casts poisoned arrows right and left, and inflicts wounds that lie unhealed for months, even years, does not enter into her consideration. And, still worse, her example is contagious. Other women, timid women, inspired by her freedom, learn to speak with disagreeable candor, and the trouble grows.

If the woman who speaks her mind will consider for a moment the real motive that prompts her to the free use of her mischief-dealing tongue, she may discover some wholesome and instructive truths. Does she wound the faithful minister because she really believes his influence is sensibly weakening? Does she honestly believe that she is helping the careful physician, or any other of her numerous victims? Would or does she as readily speak agreeable and pleasant things; and is her heart so overflowing with loving-kindness that she longs to right all the wrongs that comes under her observation and so increase the sum total of human happiness; or is it rather, a gratification of her vanity to be considered remarkably keen and penetrating, a very astute person who can discover and bring to light facts that would otherwise escape general notice? If she were truly kind of heart, would she not prefer to tell the fault or error in private to the offending one, in Biblical fashion, and shrink from even the possibility of wounding by giving it publicity.

Instead of being courageous she is cowardly. She is not open-hearted or frank in the best sense of the word, and her brusque, bold manner of making disagreeable statements seldom accomplishes any good result and almost invariably gives offense. What woman wishes to become that disagreeable creature who "is not afraid to speak her mind?"

A Kiss Is.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

That which you can not give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

A telegraph to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked, the more abundant it grows.

A woman's most affective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

Illusions of Great Men.

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

Pope saw an arm apparently coming through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.

Byron often received visits from a specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice though she was at the time in another city.

Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world.

Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission.

Descartes was followed by an invisible person, whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees, and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

Ravaillac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet.

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him that he would become the greatest man in England.

Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks, and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm-chair till sun-rise.

Bostok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and head-gear as distinct as those of a living person.

Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self-destruction, but was deterred by the apparation of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited."—Le Philosophe Sous Les Toits.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

At Home Gown.

Princess gown in electric-blue Bengaline, edged with bands of eather trimming, which is also carried round the neck. Yoke collar and cuffs in Flanders lace, corresponding with the flounces veiling the front of the skirt, in pale green satin, like the pointed plastron.

AT HOME GOWN.

Blouse Waist for Evening Wear.

The blouse waist is far too useful a garment to be easily discarded, and ingenuity is always contriving a change in its design. This one is intended for evening wear. It is of *Crepe de Chine* and silk, the latter forming the collar-band and cuff, and also the shaped pieces around the bodice. Such a garment would have to be made upon a fitted lining, and whaleboned to gain style.

BLOUSE WAIST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Novel Styles.—The millinery of this season continues to show varied and original effects of trimming; the shapes remaining the same as those given in our last. The use of white lace, white atin bows and clusters of white or very light feathers, on dark hats especially, and also on those in light colors, is still one of the most approved of the winter modes. Gauze, as well as satin ribbon, is used in white and light colors, an unusual choice at this season.

Bristling Bows.—Bows, to which the term of "bristling" is the best that can be applied, rise boldly upon the fronts of many of the large hats, and, when these are of dark velvet, plush, or felt, a color is chosen which is in harmony, though contrasting, with this color. Thus, on dark blue or green a rich salmon pink will be seen in a huge bow of satin ribbon rising boldly upon the front, while on gray a soft blue is used, and on black beaver terra-cotta is seen in such an adornment. In some cases this is the idea followed in the tips also, but more often they are of a tint matching the hat, the bow giving a light contrasting effect, often very happy.

Theatre-Hats.—These show exquisitely worked crowns, or are adorned with the still approved jeweled trimmings. An example of singular beauty shows a star of pale pinkish crystal with an edge in jet, which covers the crown of the toque, and on the edge of this charming bonnet is a border of pink and black ostrich feathers. At the back a large aigrette of black and pink rises above a fan of jet "flares." Another very handsome theatre-hat has a crown in blue and silver. In the middle of the peaked centre of the capote is a bird's head, so arranged that it seems to peep out as from a nest, this nest being represented by a row of fluffy feathers. On the front is another bird, which inclines its little beak toward the brow, and holds two cherries of red crystal. At the back is a flaring "fan" of white lace.

Novel Trimmings.—The use of very wide fluted lace on the brim of the bonnet or hat is one of those effects which owe their success to becomingness. The lace is arranged, in some striking examples of toques and capotes, in such a manner as to flare above the brow, and fully display the fluffy effect of the hair, as now worn. An instance of peculiar originality shows the crown of a toque covered with a criss-cross of mock garnets in rows, each section of which has a star of the stones in the middle. The fluted black Chantilly used for the border runs all round, but is much wider over the brow, where it is raised by placing a bow of dark garnet-colored velvet ribbon under the lace. At the back there are bristling bows of pale pink satin ribbon, and two tips, one of which is black, and the other pink, are so arranged as to droop gracefully over the back hair.

Steel-and-Jet.—Steel-and-jet fringes and yokes, empiecements, girdles, bands for the lower parts of skirts, and cuffs have become almost as fashionable as the same garnitures in gold with jet. Jet-and-ruby, jet-and-crystal, and jet with gray mock pearls, as also with garnets and black, or rather blackisk mock-pearls, some of which are as large as a Lima bean, are among the newest of late garnitures seen on very elegant toilettes and costumes.

In house-gowns there are various new and eminently graceful effects to be noted; as, for example, the making of the sleeves and in a second fabric entirely covered with rows of the narrowest silk braid that can be found, and so placed that but the slightest glimpse of this fabric is caught sight of under the decoration. On the top of the sleeves of such a dress, and in which the material thus covered is surah silk, an ornamented puff of the same is introduced at the part where the sleeve joins the fronts of the waist. It takes half of the width of the sleeve, meeting the dove-colored crepon which forms the main material. The edge is outlined by the braid running down into a deep point on the outside of the arm. There are deep mitten cuffs which are also entirely covered by the braid. But the most original of all the effects seen in this pretty gown is found in the placing of a similar puffing on the top of the hips, where it is used in a Louis-Treize effect, which reoccurs in the middle of the figure just above the skirt fabric, being pulled loosely outward as seen in pictures of dresses of the reign alluded to. Between the puffings the princesse shape is plain. The back of the skirt is slightly trained. The color of the material is robin's egg blue.

The Pinafore Gowns.

One of the latest notions in fashionable dressmaking is the pinafore" gown, for house or street wear, according to the materials and trimmings. It is not an expensive fancy, as only 5½ yards of cashmere are required and 2½ yards of brocade or velvet, or 1⅓ yards of ladies' cloth. Another beauty about the gown is its air of charming simplicity combined with style.

The smaller quantity of material forms the collar, yoke sleeves and belt, which is pointed in front and shaped to the figure to set down below the waist line. The sleeves are full over the shoulders, and the yoke may be in the front only or be of the same shape in the back. The bodice opens invisibly down the left shoulder and under-arm seam.

The dress material is cut like a low, round-necked bodice, slightly pointed on the lower edge, back and front, with the usual dart fulness held in a tiny overlapping plaits that disappear under the edge of the shaped belt. The arm-sizes of this second part of the bodice are cut out sufficiently to show the contrasting material beneath. An edging of jet, tinsel, etc., may be used on the neck and arm-sizes if desired.

The skirt has a gathered back and almost plain front, broken by a few folds at the top. Street gowns of fine woolen goods have the yoke and sleeves of ladies cloth. One, of a purplish-plum cashmere, has the second fabric of tan broadcloth, and an edging of fine jet only half an inch in width. A house gown of gray Henrietta has the upper part of pink and gray brocade and the passementerie of silver.

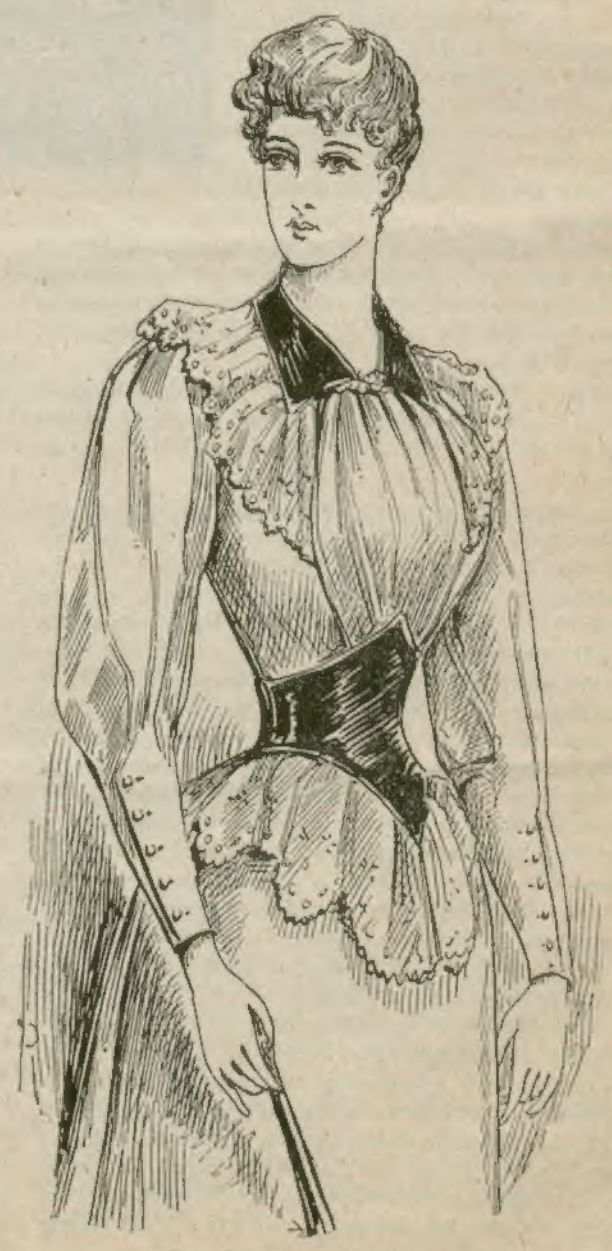
Walking Dress.

A simple gown of gray-blue camel's-hair cloth, is so arranged that the skirt is worn over the bodice in a fashion that is quite becoming to the figure. The bodice has a yoke in front, in honeycomb smocking, the collar and cuffs being edged with blue fox. The full sleeves are trimmed with fur to correspond. The plain skirt is made slightly full on the hips, and is edged all round with fur.

WALKING DRESS.

Fichu of Velvet and Chiffon.

This is a fichu of velvet and chiffon, with embroidered frills of chiffon, the colors being bronze-green velvet and pale-rose pink.



FICHU OF VELVET AND CHIFFON.

Evening Cloaks and Coiffures.

The most elegant models—one of great size, covering the wearer from throat to foot; the other, amply large for warmth, yet permitting the train of the gown to escape in graceful sweeping folds. The original of the large cloak illustrated is of stamped velvet of a pale sky blue shade with a design of small dots. Darker blue velvet of a marine shade is effectively used for the dolman sleeves, which are set full over the shoulders, but without height, and fall in folds to a long point below. Loops and ends of velvet trimming the sleeves are tipped with silver aiguillettes. The back of the cloak is massed at the top to give the effect of a Watteau fold, and is further enriched by a panel of snowy white fur that widens gradually toward the foot. The white fur also forms a broad collar, and borders the lapped front of the garment. Wide cuffs of fur match the collar, and short points of fur are inserted on the sides.

The second cloak is also of figured velvet, with maize-colored ground strewn with flowers of changeable violet and yellow shades. It is somewhat Japanese in form, with wide square sleeves set in far toward the back, making it easily put off or on. A stole of the crinkled white fur of the Chinese lamb extends to the foot of the front; a short boa is added to make it high about the neck, and the sleeves are widely bordered. Of the tasteful coiffures, the most elaborate is arranged in two coils. The hair is drawn back loosely from the short hair of the front, and divided in two tresses; the upper tress forms a small coil on top of the head, and the larger mass of hair is gathered in a protruding knot at the back. The short front hair is taken back from the forehead, and there are slight ear-locks. A coronet of gold surrounds the top-knot and a gold bandeau and arrow are around and through the back coil.

A simpler arrangement has all the hair of sides and nape taken up loosely in a single large knot made up of soft loops. The light front hair curves slightly down at the middle of the forehead. The only ornament is a torsade of mauve and white ribbons bound around the "chignon" with wired loops standing as an aigrette.

EVENING CLOAKS AND COIFURES.

CHARMINGLY PRETTY.—The new styles of toilettes in dancing-gowns are so fascinating in their prettiness that they would tempt any maid, or, indeed, matron, still young enough to dance. A beautiful example is as follows: The shape is a low-cut princesse, the fabric a pale corn-colored silk, with a figure representing wheat and corn-flowers—these last in groups, showing the blue, purple and pale pink varieties, the ears of wheat being scattered very widely between these closer groups. The back is very slightly trained, but can be raised when dancing; and it may here be said that even in dancing-gowns which have been made short, this tendency to lengthen the back of the skirts is beginning to show itself more, much to the inconvenience, let it be added, of the wearer. The top of the skirt on the left hip has a trailing garniture of golden wheat and corn-flowers, which runs down to meet festooned flounces of lace, one of which its lowest foliage sustains. The rest have bunches of the flowers in four places, raising their fullness. The waist shows a full ruffle of lace, but somewhat narrow. In the middle of the bust a second trailing garniture of the wheat and flowers runs to the middle of the figure and curves off across the right hip to the centre of the skirt at the back. The sleeves are short, and consist of a large puff of gold-spotted tulle. A small aigrette, with an ornament in gold in the shape of a small wheat-ear, and decorating the coils of the hair, gives a pretty finish to such a toilette.

WRAPS.—With the craze for Russian sleighs, pictures and silverware, Russian styles in dress have assisted their sway. The Russian blouse is not the ordinary careless fitting blouse waist of silk but a loose outside jacket reaching below the knees, and somewhat similar to the rather shapeless garment worn by the Moujik. To make it entirely national, it should be of dark green cloth loose, at the waist, and adjusted with a belt of braten cord stubbed with malachite or greenish turquoise; there are deep bands of fur down the front which also finish the neck and bottom; the sleeves are full and roomy, and have cuffs of fur reaching to the elbow. Another Russian jacket fastens invisibly under the left arm, and is of old rose-broadcloth elaborated with bands of jet and studded with cabochons. The Talma is one of the latest novelties in a wrap; it is not as closely adjusted to the figure as the camail, and falls in careless folds about the figure; this effect is obtained by making the bottom very wide, five yards not being an extravagant allowance. An example of this kind of wrap is shown in a Talma of mode whip-cord; there is no trimming whatever save a narrow edging of Russia sable; there is a round wide hood similarly trimmed, and the entire garment is lined with chamois silk of red like that on a Burgundy plum, with a shimmering purplish bloom.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.—A peculiarly stylish suit is seen in white ladies' cloth, with a decoration in black fur. The top shows a very deep cont. It fastens on the shoulder. The sleeves have a bell-top drooping over the tight mitten cuff, and entirely detached from it. This top has a border in jet-black fur, and this accessory borders the extremely deep side-pieces, forms the wide collar, runs down the side where the fastening is made, and decorates the skirt on its square notchings. The mitten cuffs have a border of the fur. The skirt is slightly trained. At the belt three thongs of black velvet ribbon serve to define the belt-line, and are held down by large medallions of jet, having a fox's head on each one.

GLOVES.—Gloves show a decided tendency to decoration on the back, which becomes more and more florid and encroaching, taking a higher run up the arm than was the case last year on the long gloves, but being confined to the back of the hand only, on the short ones, which owing to the deep cuffs worn, are becoming shorter and shorter, and threaten to return to the unbecoming one-button style, which seems a pity. A glove imitating lace, but in silk, is shown for wear with evening dresses for *debutantes*, and is in white, pale blue, light red, pink and lavender. Almost all gloves for dressy occasions of evening entertainment are trimmed at the top with lace, feather tips curled very delicately, or with swan's-down.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

THE FAITHFUL WORKER.

An Ordination Sermon.

By Rev. Professor William Clark, M. A., LL.D., D. C. L., F. R. S. C.

II Timothy ii, 15: "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

A workman! Such was the man by whom these words were written, a true laborer in the vine yard of Christ, one who had no need to be ashamed of his work; for it was his boast when his adversaries sought to place him below the other apostles in authority, that he "labored more abundantly than they all;" that he was "in labors more abundant."

Such, too, was St. Paul's Master and ours, a worker with hand and heart, with mind and will, one whose very life was the outcome of the thought; "I must work the work of Him that sent me," "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work.

Such was the manifest destiny of mankind from the day of his creation, the significance of which has been made plainer through all his subsequent history. At first it was to dress the garden and keep it. Sin made labor less sweet, more oppressive. Man had to eat his bread in the sweat of his face. But work was ever the condition of advancement and progress, as well as the means of providing for the supply of all our wants.

All work is honorable, which is lawful and useful. No such work can ever be degrading or unworthy, although our ignorance, our sloth, or our pride, may tempt us to such a thought. But there are, undoubtedly, some kinds of work which involve a higher kind of responsibility than others and which demand the possession of peculiar powers and capabilities. The making of laws for the people, the administration of justice, the government of the state; these are kinds of work which may tax the highest powers and energies of man. But there is no work higher in its aims, more solemn and responsible in its doing, involving more tremendous issues than the work of the minister of Christ. And therefore there can be no more solemn event transacted on earth than the consecration of men to this great and glorious and awful life and work the ordination to the diaconate and priesthood in the Church of God.

What is the work of such, and how are they to accomplish it? These are the questions which I will now attempt humbly and earnestly to answer, remembering that for this also—for our speaking and hearing—we must give account,

I. WHAT IS OUR WORK AS MINISTERS OF CHRIST?

Happily, we have no longer to protest against mere mercenary views of the work of the ministry. We need hardly warn men that this sacred office is not merely one out of many that might be chosen as a means of making a living. Doubtless it is still possible for men to offer themselves as candidates for ordination from motives which are not the highest or the best; but that man must know little of the circumstances of Canadian life who looks upon the ministry as the way to living luxuriously or abundantly.

Yet it is necessary that we should form to ourselves a clear and definite notion of the office which we seek and of the work which we have to do; and, first of all, that we should understand that we are called by God to this work, as we solemnly declare that we believe we are, before we receive the gift of orders. And by this we do not mean, of course, that we must look for any miraculous intervention of a providential or internal character. Doubtless calls of this kind have been given by God to man; but this is not His ordinary way and method.

What, however, it is requisite that every sincere candidate for the ministry should possess, and should satisfy himself that he does possess, must be a real and deep interest in the work which he is undertaking, a certain measure of fitness for the duties required of him, and a willingness and readiness to consecrate himself, his whole life, and all his powers to the fulfilment of the responsibilities which he is assuming. A man who is not conscious of such convictions and purposes is not only false to his professions and to his God; he is wronging his own soul and bringing desolation into his own heart and life. But more of this when we come to speak of the doing of the work. We must now say a few words on the nature of the work itself; and a few words must suffice.

1. And, of course, the great and all-comprehending work of the Christian minister is "to make God known to men. The disciples of Christ were commanded to preach the Gospel to every creature. And, the Gospel, the good news which they had to proclaim, was the assurance that they had a Father in Heaven who loved them; who, although they had sinned, was not willing that they should perish; who had manifested Himself in His Son, Jesus Christ; who had sent that Son to die that they might live; to rise that they might be lifted up into fellowship with God. I say this is the foundation, in a sense the whole, of the work which we have to do for God and for man.

Men need the knowledge of God. We are by nature ignorant and hostile. It is difficult to make a man believe that God is good and yet righteous, just and yet merciful. It is most of all difficult to make them understand that these attributes are inseparable. Yet these convictions will be wrought by the manifestation of Jesus Christ, by letting men know and understand what He was, and how God was in Him.

2. And then, as inseparable from the making known of God to men, there must be "the drawing of men to God" through Jesus Christ; for this is the very end of the Divine manifestation. "I, if I be lifted up," said Christ, "will draw all men to Me." And this is not only the legitimate effect of the setting forth of the love of God in Christ, but it is the very end for which the work of redemption was undertaken; and if this end is not attained, then for those who fail to find the Father in the Son, the grace of God has been in vain. Here, then, is a test of the success of our work. If we are "wise to win souls," we shall have our reward in seeing men drawn to God through Christ and testifying to the power of Divine grace by walking before God in newness of life.

3. And then we must remember that our work is not merely a work for individuals, but for the Church at large, for the diocese, for the parish. It is true that every man must be personally drawn to God. Each one must repent for himself, and believe and love and obey for himself. No man can do another man's work. This is an affair between the soul and God. But although the life of God in the soul of man is an individual life, it is not a separate, isolated life; it is a life lived in communion with God and with His people. The aim of all revelation, of all Divine speaking and working among men is the establishment of the Kingdom of God in its fullness. When God's Kingdom is fully come, then will all His people participate in its fullness. And this is an end for which we must be laboring and which we must ever endeavor to realize in our measure and degree. Every parish in which peace and unity and love prevail is a foreshadowing of that Kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and any worker for Christ will understand that he can truly serve the real interests of individual souls only as he helps to their being knit together in one communion and fellowship.

Some of these things we shall perhaps understand better when we consider our second point:—

II. HOW THIS WORK IS TO BE DONE.

How shall we set about it? On what principles shall we proceed so that we may hope to be able to look back upon our life when we come to the end of it and feel that we have not labored in vain?

Let us pause upon this for a moment. Some of us are now on the very threshold of the sanctuary. Time is short, and the end will soon be here. We shall then be preparing to give an account of the work which we have done; and we shall do it with joy or with grief. Doubtless there will always be disappointments and failures and sorrows—failures in ourselves and in others. Yet this need not be the character of our work at large and in general. Even those who are conscious of many faults and failures may yet be able, in reviewing the past, to feel that they have been true in heart and in purpose; that they have not been unfaithful, that they have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God; that they have not spared themselves in doing their work.

How shall we set about the doing of our work so that we may hope without presumption that it shall have some such accomplishment and end? This is the question we must now try to answer.

1. And first of all, it must be laid down as of absolute necessity that the teacher should believe what he has to say—that the preacher should have faith in his own message. One might perhaps assume a qualification so obvious. And perhaps we may venture to say confidently that very few men indeed can be found among our clergy who would subscribe documents which they do not believe.

Yet, on the other hand, may there not sometimes be too great easiness of assent to doctrines which have been too lightly considered, or even a disposition to give meanings too elastic to the contents of our formularies? The Church of which we are members has allowed a wise liberty to her children and her teachers. Various schools of thought live and work within her borders, each claiming the right to its position. But there must be limits to these varieties; and at least the man who does not accept in their natural and historic meaning the statements of the great creeds, can have no right to occupy the place of teacher in the communion which places these statements at the foundation of her faith and theology. There are cases in which the warning here offered has been unheeded, and the effects have been most serious in regard to their own faith. God forbid that so elementary a requirement should be lacking in those who now present themselves for ordination!

2. Hardly less necessary than this simple honestly and veracity which will utter no message which it does not believe to be true and valid, is that personal faith which accepts for itself the blessings which it proclaims for others. It is quite true that God has sometimes made ungodly men to be a means of blessing to others. God in His mercy blesses His own truth, even when the bearer of the truth is untouched by its power. But how awful the reflection that he who speaks the words of life should himself be abiding in death; that he who is bidding men to be reconciled to God should himself be without God in the world.

What a danger to the Church! We are often reminded of the evils which result from the imperfections and inconsistencies if professing Christians by Christian ministers. But what are inconsistencies, even the worst of them, to the blackness of the darkness in the heart of one who professes to bear aloft the torch of truth and guide men to the light of the world. We expect inconsistencies in men; but we do not expect unreality, hypocrisy.

Let us then make quite sure that in preparing to bring others to Christ we have first brought ourselves, so that when we stand up before our fellowmen we may speak to them of that which we have seen and felt and which our hands have handled; we may speak out of the fullness of our hearts experience, with a power which can arise from personal conviction and realization alone.

3. And then, once more, there is a demand for the absolute consecration of ourselves—our heart, our life—our body and soul—all that we are and all that we have—to this most blessed and glorious service.

This may seem a tremendous demand, and yet it is clearly involved in our position and relation as Christians and as servants of Jesus Christ. What is the elementary fact as to the Christian's relations to God? "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price." We are not our own, and therefore we have no control over any of our parts or powers, apart from the requirements of the law and spirit of God.

And our Lord distinctly tells us not only that we belong to God altogether, that we are called to be perfect as our Father, but also that a divided heart and will, is a rational impossibility. No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

There is no error against which all of us—priests and people—more need to be put upon our guard than the notion that it would be better for us if God would relax some of His requirements. Nothing could be worse for us. It would be the sure introduction of discord into our inner man. It would render harmony and unity forever impossible.

God's commandments are not grievous. They are but the expression of His own being. They tell us to be like God, like our Father in whose image we were made; and the true blessedness of human life consists is our recognizing the rightness and goodness of His demands.

Let us then clearly understand that there can be no real peace or power for the Christian man—and least of all for the Christian minister—who does not begin his work with the purpose of full and entire consecration of himself to God in Christ Jesus. Let this, then, my brethren, be your watchword this day—All for Jesus, all for God, I am not my own, and I will claim no part of myself for myself. I will annihilate myself that Christ may be formed in me. I will die that Christ may live. I will have only one purpose in life, the purpose expressed in the question and prayer: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" As for me, I desire only to spend and be spent in Thy service.

These are awful words to repeat—awful resolves to form; and yet, no others are lawful for us.

Let us try to understand somewhat more fully what is involved in such purposes. We shall all agree that mere generalities are unmeaning and even dangerous, and we acknowledge the wisdom of the counsel which bids us count the cost of any enterprise we are taking in hand.

Now, a life of consecration to the service of God, such as has been described, involves being emptied of self—that is of pride, self-righteousness, self-sufficiency, self-pleasing and self-indulgence, and the frank and absolute submission of all our powers to the will and spirit of God, It therefore involves the sacrifice of pride, sloth, temper, and every habit which interferes with absolute devotion to the work of God.

These are serious thoughts. A great writer on ethics has declared that all moral evils spring from conceit and sloth, and certainly our ministerial failures may in most cases be traced to these causes. Of course, the great defect in every character is the absence of love; but this, again, is closely connected with the selfishness which is the parent of conceit.

A recent writer declares, in writing on the charity which is not easily provoked, that the exhibition of bad temper on the part of professing Christians has been a greater hindrance to the progress of true religion than many faults of character that were in themselves more serious; and it is notorious that many clergymen have almost entirely neutralized their influence for good by failing to control their tempers.

We have ofter heard of the importance of what is called tact in the administration of affairs and in dealing with men; whilst some have spoken with contempt of a faculty which seemed of the earth, earthly. It may be true enough that there is a kind of worldly tact which is far from lovely, which does not savor of Christ. But there is a better kind, that fine touch—for this is the meaning of tact—which grasps without wounding, which is sensitive to the feelings and wishes of all around. This gentle Christian tact—what is it but the outcome of personal humility, kindliness and consideration for others? Where these are present, that will not be wanting.

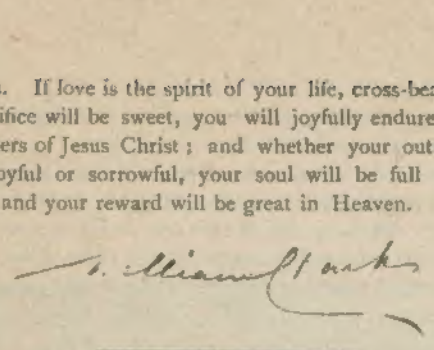
Let us clearly understand, dear brethren, that unless our consecration of ourselves means such things as these, it means nothing. You who are going forward to the ministry of the Church are engaging in work in which you will meet with many trials, many failures, many disappointments in yourselves and others. Doubtless you will have your encouragements and successes, and these may to some of you be more dangerous than your failures. You will have to work among men many of whom will be unreasonable and impatient, and some of whom will be indulgent. Here, too, are dangers of different kinds. How shall we meet them? There is but one answer. "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Not man, but God. "Our sufficiency is of God." You have a glorious example in your work. Contemplate the life and mind of Jesus Christ. Let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus—a mind of love and lowliness and self-denying labor. Here is the secret of all spiritual power, of all real work done by God.

It is not by learning or by intellectual ability that the work of God is done, although these need not be despised or undervalued. Every gift of God should be used for His glory; and the faithful minister will neglect no means of acquiring the knowledge which will enable him to be a teacher of others. On this point it is not necessary at this moment to enlarge. You have been training in the schools, and your college work will be only the beginning of studies to be carried on so long as life endures. But the real power in the ministry must always be the grace of God.

Learn then to love God and to love man. Go forth among your fellow-men and speak to them and walk among them as one who

loves them. If love is the spirit of your life, cross-bearing will be light, sacrifice will be sweet, you will joyfully endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and whether your outward life on earth be joyful or sorrowful, your soul will be full of light and weetness, and your reward will be great in Heaven.



Rev. Professor Wm. Clark.

In a book-lined room at Trinity University the Rev. Professor Clark reads and writes. Books everywhere, neatly arranged, betraying the careful book-lover; copies of the world's famous pictures, a glowing grate, comfortable chairs, and above all the charm of a kindly presence make a visit to his study a thing to be remembered. His conversation, so delightfully reminiscent of the great men of the other world is evidence of ripe learning, and of human sympathy. His is the simplicity of true culture. His is a life, enforcedly busy, and which if it followed the dictates of his heart would be passed in the "cloister walls" of his study home. A student by nature, an educator by position, his life-work lies between books and men. The warm kindly interest he takes in the affairs of others make of him a good listener and his visitors frequently find themselves becoming egotistical in a most unwarrantable manner. "Professor Clark is also the author of "Saronarola" a volumn which has attracted much attention.

The Rev. Prof. Wm. Clark, M. A., Hon. L. L. D., D. C. L., F. R. S. C., who fills the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Trinity is one of the ablest and most accomplished of Canada's adopted sons. He is a son of Rev. James Clark, M. A., Daviot, Scotland, and was born at Inverury, Aberdeen, March, 26. 1829. He was educated at Kings College, Aberdeen, and Hartford College, Oxford, and is a successful graduate of both. In 1857 he was ordained a deacon and the following year a priest by the Bishop of Worcestor. He subsequently held several parochial charges in England. Wide recognition of his ability was given. He was frequently selected to preach at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and other cathedrals. Large congregations there testified to the earnest rigor and scholarship of the young clergyman. He published several volumes of sermons beside much literary work. He acquired much fame of the best kind in his translations from the German of Hefeles "History of the Councils' and of Hagenbach's "History of Christian Doctrine." He also edited the latter. He came to Canada in 1882 and for a short time was assistant at St. George's, Toronto. While engaged in these duties he was invited simultaneously to assist Dr. Rainsford in New York and to take the chair of Philosophy at Trinity. We are glad to think that he elected to accept the latter position. He has had numerous calls to clerical and professorial work in the United States, but happily for the intellectual and philosophical study in Canada has declined each flattering offer. In 1887 he was appointed by Bishop Harris, Baldwin lecturer at the University of Ann Arbor, where he gave a series of lectures in fulfilment of this duty. These lectures have been subsequently published and are well known to scholars and thinkers of our land. "Witnesses to Christ," a contribution to Christian Apologeties was published at Chicago, and is a valuable contribution to religious thought. In 1886 he was chosen orator at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., on which occasion he had degree of L. L. D. conferred on him and became an honorary lecturer on the College staff. He formerly edited *Canadian Churchman* but does not now do so. In May 1891 Professor Clark was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and in the following month was made a D. C. L. of Trinity College, Toronto. A very much occupied man is Professor Clark and an outline of his engagements to lecture and to preach would bewilder the ordinary man who fancies himself hard-worked. Long may the kindly Professor be spared to Trinity University and the world.

The excellent portrait of Prof. Clark we give is from a photograph by Hay, Queen Street West. EDITOR.

Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Infant's Afghan, in Pop-corn Stitch.

One pound of light-blue and one pound of pink Germantown wool, with medium bone hook.

Make a chain the desired length with blue.

1. In the 4th chain make 4 trebles; * skip 2 chain, double in next, chain 2, 4 trebles in same stitch as double, repeat from * to the end of chain, finish with a double, and break wool.

2. With the pink wool, fasten in double of previous row, chain 2, 4 trebles in same double, * skip shell, double in double, chain 2, 4 trebles in same stitch; repeat from * ending every row like 1st.

An infant's afghan should be one yard square when completed.

Paper Cutting.

This always has a great fascination for children, whether it be in making paper dolls, cutting out pictures and letters, or merely snipping the paper into scraps. Do not allow magazines and other publications of value to be destroyed, but reserve cheap papers, circulars, etc., for the purpose.

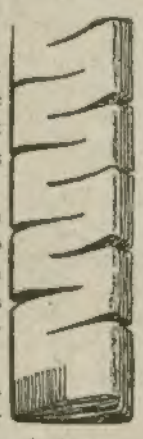
Paper cutting and sewing is one of the chief plays in the kindergarten; but a busy mother may not know how to teach her little ones to do those things according to kindergarten methods.

She will however think of a few ways of perforating stiff paper with a coarse needle into forms like a star, a house, a bird, or a flower; then with needle threaded with bright wool, the sewing will be amusing to either boy or girl.

Older children will like to cut ornamental forms and with colored paper make flowers of varying truth to nature.

Provide a pair of blunt scissors and tie a long bright ribbon or braid to them, so they will be less easily mislaid.

For cutting paper in a simple way described below, experiment first with a piece of thin wrapping paper or an out of date dress pattern which will give the same effect as tissue paper. When the manner of cutting is understood, let the children have a few sheets of tissue paper and use it for house decoration. Fold a sheet of tissue paper in half, then lengthwise four times; the folds will now be about one inch wide.



If the paper is not folded evenly, the cutting can not be made evenly. Now crease this folded strip lengthwise and cut a fringe about an inch deep on the ends of the strip. Then on the sides, cut across both edges a little past the middle, cutting alternately on one side, then on the other as illustrated.

Turn the strip each time it is cut, leaving a quarter of an inch space between each cut, then after cutting the whole length, unfold the strip carefully and the paper net-work will be very pretty for an ornament.

The nearer together the slashes are made, the longer and more like lace the paper scarf will be. The measuring and cutting will teach the child to be accurate.

Hints to Those who Sew

Always use as fine thread and needle as the garment will allow.

The rule for ruffling is once and a half the width of the garment.

Let the thread be fine and always double in gathering and shirring.

When threading your needle, make the knot on the end broken from the spool.

In facing a sleeve, turn it, and place the facing inside the sleeve, before sewing it on.

Gathers should always be stroked on the right side, but never with a needle use a large pin.

In gathering a skirt to sew on a band or round waist, when you do not wish to shirr it, use two gathering threads and needles, running them close to each other. This gives the skirt a finished look.

In sewing an over and over seam, take the stitches close together but lightly into the cloth, being careful not to pull the threads tight, which causes the seam to draw.

Tucks are prettiest in graduated clusters with a space between

VERY PRETTY BAGS.—For dustcloths, odd pieces, soiled napkins or handkerchiefs may be made of Turkish towels. There are many handsome towels designed in blue, pink and other delicate shades. Double the towel together and sew up the sides. Turn back the fringed end two inches over a wooden embroidery hoop about six inches in diameter. Tack the towel firmly over the hoop. Sew a yard of ribbon to each side, by which to suspend it; tie a handsome bow, and you will have something which is not only useful but ornamental as well.

A CONVENIENT LAUNDRY BAG.—May be made of the same material. It requires a yard and a half in length and half a yard in width. Double together and sew up the sides. Make a hem at the top, three inches wide, and stitch it twice, the stitchings being three-quarters of an inch apart. Run a draw string between the stitchings. Have some pretty design stamped on the sides and outlined. The beauty of this is, it can be easily laundered and is "handy" for soiled cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs etc.

A HANDSOME cloth for a sideboard is made of white linen decorated with Russian embroidery. Shades of blue and red are used in this embroidery with shades of yellow for the high lights. It is very interesting work and very beautiful when done by one having an artist's eye. The cloth in question is finished with deep, pointed scallops all around it. A geometrical design follows the curves of the scallops on one side and is straight on the other, forming a border three inches deep. A large design representing a square with one corner pointing towards the centre of the cloth is worked on each end. This design appears to be edged with pointed scallops, and has a border like the border on the cloth. The centre of design is marked off into squares, in each of which is worked a star. The work is done mostly in cross-stitch and a very lace like open work, in which are used some of the stitches for drawn work.

A VERY handsome sofa-pillow seen not long ago, was of unbleached Bolton sheeting, stamped in very open, all-over design; the coloring was a rich golden brown, the outlining done with rope linen or Bargarren art thread in peacock-blue, and the cushion was lined with plain velvet of the same shade. The outlining is differently done. Some prefer using the button-hole stitch, taken widely, for all save the veining of the leaves, which is done in common outline stitch. Many choose an odd and pretty "crazy stitch" for the work. In short, in this as in other methods of decoration, there is no end to the charming variations which lovers of novelty in fancy work will make.

A REMARKABLY pretty toilet cushion which came under the writer's observation a short time since had a design of scroll-work; the design was left uncolored, the back-ground being tinted a rich crimson, slightly shaded, and the outlining done with old-gold saddler's silk. The cushion was of the regulation square shape, and was finished with a frill of coarse lace, the thick portions of which were colored with crimson dye. A bow of old-gold satin ribbon adorned one corner of the cushion, and the whole effect was as charming as can be imagined. The idea of dyeing the lace may be carried out in the decoration of innumerable fancy articles.

NAPKINS of the regulation size are three-quarters of a yard square. They are larger than they were, a few years ago, but have not yet attained the size of those used abroad, which are one yard square. Those who like to put an extra touch on their table linen may do so with a monogram or initials. These should be placed in the centre of the cloth or at two ends. Napkins are marked in one corner either crosswise or straight. Large letters are used.

FOR those who like color there is a mixture of silk and linen which is very effective. Such cloths are generally fringed and have napkins to match, and are used for luncheon and tea. Drawn-work sometimes ornaments fancy napkins, and is easily done, provided there is a stock of patience at hand.

Advice to Girls.

Don't be silly about the men.

Don't fail to take a man at his word when he says he is poor.

Don't be rude to a man in order to show your indpendence.

Don't let a man impose upon you, simply because he is a man.

Don't think because a man likes you that he wants to marry you.

Don't believe everything a man tells you, either about himself or yourself.

Don't be familiar with men, and don't permit familiarities from them.

Don't conclude that a man is a gentleman because he has the appearance of one.

Don't think that a man is not in love with you because he has not proposed to you.

Don't think because a man is a graceful and interesting talker that he is everything else.

Gowns as Indicators of Emotions.

The latest apostle of the beautiful in dress has arisen to promulgate a new code of ethics by which a woman's gowns shall be a chronicle or dress directory of her emotions and conditions. The holy and dignified estate of matrimony shall find exprssion in a black garment, while love, its precursor—too often only its precursor—is robed in a garment upon which the torch of Hymen starts from poppies in crimson and gold, symbolical of love's hypnosism. Health wears a gown of Nile-green, with a border of lotus-flowers. Life is garbed in white crepe, with silver antique traceries. Death is glorified in garments wherein the golden light of the sun and the silver shern of the moonbeams mingle in the mysterious symbol of death.

What a Girl Will Not Acknowledge.

That she paints.
That she laces tight.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she is ever tired at a ball.
That she is as old as she loooks.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she ever says a thing she dosen't mean.
That she has been more than five minutes dressing.
That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned.
That she—she of all persons in the world—is in love.

IN some very narrow houses the first floor reception-room is hardly more than six feet wide and runs back about 14 feet in a line. How to arrange the far end of this apartment, especially if it does not open in the back parlor behind it, but by a second door in the side into a rear hall, is the problem.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good,"—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Hot Water.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out rapidly and applied to the stomach, acts like magic in cases of colic.

There is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism, as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

A towel folded several times, and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel, or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is helpful in constipation.

How to Slect Wall-Paper That is Cheerful and Effective.

The highest art is now displayed in the designs for wall-papers, and there is no discounting the magnifficent appearances of some of these latest patterns when properly placed on the sides of the room. Large figures in old gold, especially scroll work in borders, are used. In selecting wall-paper it should be chosen in accordance with good taste, and the most important question to decide is whether it is to form a decoration for itself or whether it is to become a mere background for pictures. In either case, the colors should be subdued in tone, and two shades of light drab or silver-grey will be found the most appropriate for this purpose. Where water-color drawings are hung in a drawing-room paper of embossed white or cream color, with very small spots of gold, will not be amiss. The patterns should also be selected with reference to the place. Where a large part of the wall is to be presented to the eye a greater play of line in the patterns may be attractive, but in all other situations the patterns should be comparatively simple. It is a mistake to make the wall-paper decorations of the same color as the furniture. Instead of repeating the color of the furniture and hangings, it should oppose it. Contrast is as essential as simplicity to good taste in household decoration.

In selecting papers for the walls one should not trust simply to the pattern-books. A paper that has been ordered will often look darker or lighter after it is hung than it did in the pattern-book. In order to avoid disappointment in this respect it is advisable to take several lengths of the paper and suspend them side by side on the wall, and notice carefully the general effect it has upon the eye and the room. The leaves of certain plants conventionally treated are very effective decorative forms. The ivy, maple, oak, and fig leaves are beautifully adapted to this purpose, and they come in large and small designs on wall-paper. Where two shades of the same color are employed, and quietness of effect is especially desired, the overlaid tint should be but very little darker than the ground; and if drawings and other things are to be hung upon it, the pattern should be hardly descernible from a little distance.

The most dreary method of decorating the wall of a sitting-room is to cover it all over with an unrelieved pattern of monotous design. Yet many housewives who are careless about such matters, or probably do not know the secret of the art, will do this every spring that their paper is changed. Paper-hanging should in no case be allowed to cover the whole space of a wall from skirting to ceiling. A plinth space of plain color, either in paper or distemper, should be left to a height of two or three feet from the floor. A light wood molding, stained or gilded, should separate this from the paper above. A second space of frieze, left just below the ceiling and filled with arabesque ornament, is always effective, but, of course, always involves more expense. Gold, when judiciously introduced, is always a valuable adjunct in the design of paper-hangings, but it frequently doubles and sometimes trebles the price of a piece.

To Dye, Wash and Curl Feathers.

To dye feathers proceed as follows for the different colors:

Black—Immerse for two or three days in a bath at first of hot logwood, eight parts, and copperas or acetate of iron, one part.

Blue—In a vat of indigo.

Brown—Use any brown dye suitable for silk or wool.

Crimson—A mordant of alum, followed by a hot bath of Brazil wood, afterward by a weak dye of cudbear.

Pink or rose—With safflower or lemon juice.

Plum—With red dye, followed by an alkaline bath.

Red—A mordant of alum, followed by a bath of Brazil wood.

Yellow—A mordant of alum, followed by a bath of tumeric or weld.

Green—Take of verdigris and verditer, each one ounce; gum water, one pint; mix them well and mix the feathers (they having first been soaked in hot water) with the mixture.

Purple—Use lake and indigo.

Carnation—Vermillion and smalt.

Thin gum or starch water should be used in dyeing feathers.

To wash and curl feathers, use warm soapsuds and rinse them in water a very little blued, if the feathers are white; then let the wind dry them. When the curl has come out by washing the feather or getting it damp, place a hot flat iron so that you can hold the feather just above it while curling. Take a bone or silver knife and draw the fibres of the feather between the thumb and dull edge of the knife, taking not more than three fibres at a time, beginning at the point of the feather and curling one-half the other way. The hot iron makes the curl more durable. After a little practice one can make them look as well as new feathers. When swansdown become soiled it can be washed and made to look as good as new. Tack strips on a piece of muslin and wash in warm water with white soap; then rinse and hang in the wind to dry. Rip from the muslin and rub carefully between the fingers to soften the feather.

BROUGHT UP IN A HAMMOCK.—I wonder if all mothers know what a nice place a hammock is to bring up a baby in? My little girl slept in one till she was four months old, and a snugger little nest was never made. She was born in November; so, to make it cosy and warm, it was well lined with old soft shawls and flannels; and to be near her mother at night, it was swung across mamma's bed. When the darling was hungry, she was gently lifted out into her mother's arms, and then quietly returned to her soft little nest out of harm's way; for I was mortally afraid of lying on her if she slept by my side, and could not rest well myself with that fear before me. Later on, the hammock was hung at the back of the bed, against the wall, and was the nicest and altogether the most convenient and comfortable bed that a baby could have. When she was older, a crib was provided, with a hair mattress, as soft as could be bought; but it seemed hard and cold compared with the little hanging-bird's nest.

AROMATIC VINEGAR.—The following recipe makes a delightful, refreshing wash. It is invaluable in the sick room, and cools the aching head. A tablespoonful to a quart of water is about the right proportion, although more can do no harm. Bathe the patient freely, as it is very cooling. Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage, and mint, an ounce of each (either dry or green will do). Place in a stone jar, and pour over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar; cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days; then strain, and add one ounce of pounded camphor gum. Bottle, and keep tightly corked. Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it before exposing one's self to any infection.

A DELIGHTFUL COUGH CANDY.—Break up a cupful of slippery-elm bark, and let it soak an hour or two in a cupful of water. Half fill a cup (use the same cup for measuring) with flaxseed, and fill up to the brim with water, leaving is to soak at the same time as the slippery-elm. When you are ready to make the candy, put one pound and a half of brown sugar in a stew-pan over the fire; pour the water from the slippery-elm and flaxseed over it, (straining the latter), and stir constantly until it boils and begins to turn back to sugar; then turn it out, and it will break up into small, crumbly pieces. For teachers or preachers who use their voices much it will be found an admirable and agreeable medicine, the taste being peculiarly pleasant. It is highly recommended to any one subject to throat infections. A little lemon juice can be added, if desired.

Entertainment.

"To find the way to heaven by doing deeds of hospitality."—SHAKESPEARE.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

A Doughnut Contest.

"Ting-a-ling," rang the postman's alarm, and little Miss Rosebud flew up from the Sleepy Hollow chair in which she had been lounging, and was at the hall door in a twinkling.

"Something from the Vavasour girls—that means fun," she announced, as she came back into the room, tearing open a pale brown envelope with eager fingers—and sure enough, there fell out one of the most unique invitations ever issued to festive gathering. It was made from heavy water-color paper, cut, and tinted the shape and color of a doughnut, and around the ring was printed in tiny gold letters:

Come and eat me, at No. 125 Hawthorne Street, January eighteenth, 1892, from 7 to 10 p. m.

Though the prospect of nibbling a colossal doughnut for three hours at a stretch, seemed a slightly appalling one, Miss Rosebud, nothing daunted, announced her delighted intention of accepting the invitation, despite the fact that this was her first season out, and she would thereby miss a very grand, and very tiresome dinner-party.

So when the evening arrived, she departed, in one of the simplest of her pretty evening frocks; and knowing I was anxious to hear what kind of an entertainment it proved to be, she came into my room the next morning, and told me all about it.

"You know the Vavasour's dining room is decorated in buff and brown," she began, drawing her footstool close to my side. "It is just the cosiest room, and precisely the thing for that kind of a party. The carpet was covered with a brown linen crumb cloth, and the portiere had been taken away from the folding doors, that were pushed completely back, while four brass hooks projected at equal distances from the top of the door frame.

"Mrs. Vavasour, Grace, and Mildred, all wore dainty tea gowns of ecru china silk, with brown embroideries; and after we had laughed and chatted a few moments, the two girls came in, each carrying a tray, upon which rested a pyramid of doughnuts wound with bright colored narrow ribbons.

"There were forty of us, and,—Mrs. Vavasour explained,—a like number of doughnuts, every four being wound with ribbon of the same color. We were each to draw one, and then sort ourselves out,—the four persons holding doughnuts tied with yellow, forming one set,—the 'blues' another,—the 'lavenders' a third—and so on.

"When we were nicely arranged in ten sets of four each, Mrs. Vavasour sat down at a little table close to the folding doors, upon which were pens, ink, paper, and her watch, and requested the 'yellows' to please take their places in the doorway. Lou Rogers, Tom Sayer, Fred. Winthrop, and I, were the 'yellows,'—and as we advanced, Grace and Mildred took our doughnuts from us, and unwinding the ribbons attached, tied one end of each, to each of the four hooks, so they hung just an inch or so above the level of our mouths. Then our hands were firmly tied behind us, and we were ranged in order beneath the hooks,—facing the rest of the company.

"It was then explained, that the guest out of all others, who should devour his or her doughnut in the shortest time,—the record of which was kept by Mrs. Vavasour,—would be entitlee to first prize,—while the most belated one, would prove the 'booby.'

"Then the word was given slowly,—'one, two, three, eat' and the fun began.

"You can realize the comical difficulty of trying to devour a bobbing doughnut fastened to a string on a level with your nose, at any rate of speed, especially with hands fettered behind you; but suffice it to say I never laughed so much in my life, after my own turn was over, and the rest took theirs. There wasn't a sober face in the whole company, and the fun kept increasing every moment, until the last doughnut was eaten up at precisely at nine o'clock, and it was discovered that Dick Rogers had taken first prize,—the dearest cup and saucer, in two shades of brown and gold, that Mildred painted, and fired herself. Dick gave it to Lou of course, and the 'booby'—a cunning, round bronze card receiver, was bestowed upon me,—but as it was filled with delicious chocolate bonbons, I found that 'Defeat is sometimes sweet,' as the little printed card on top announced.

"And then we all sat down to ten little round tables lighted with yellow fairy lamps, and had luncheon served us, every article of food being ring shaped.

"The menu, itself, was printed in circular fashion, on tiny coffee-colored, cardboard plaques, and included chicken croquette, muffins, chocolate cakes, coffee jelly, chocolate ice-cream, and coffee and chocolate.

"Ten o'clock was now close at hand, and so on bidding our friends a grateful good-night, we all came home together by a 'round-about' way, as Tom Sayer declared, each one of the enthusiastic opinion, that for an all round good time, a Doughnut Contest bore away the palm."

Before the Ball.

See illustration on next page.

So deftly dressed, so wondrous fair,
And with a diamond in her hair
Which lights her upward from the glow
That follows from the room below
Toward shaded lamp and silenced floor
(How soon she finds that curtained door!)
To where the baby sleeps in bliss,
Dreaming perhaps of good-night kiss.

How dear he is, that sleeping thing!
What untold chords his pulses sing!
And lilies, too, and violets, rose,
Seem breathing from that soft repose,
Soft, undefined, his outlines are,
But sculpture rare to young mamma;
He is a garden of delight,
Which blossoms in the pale moonlight.

How much to her that little span
She holds in him, her future man!
Before her now sweet visions rise;
Each year shall bring a glad surprise,
Brave powers unfold, for he to her
Is poet, hero, conqueror.
Has life another phase like this—
The rapture of that good-night kiss?

How gently beats the little heart,
That pulse which is of hers a part!
How fondly swells beneath the lace
Her pride, her love, her sense of race!
He is her own, her child, her boy!
And she would ask no other joy,
But now she hears from anxious mate,
"My love, don't make the carriage wait."

Say, warrior, little statesman, poet
(When you get old enough to know it.
This weary world, with all its glare),
Does there still linger in your hair
The perfume of that soft embrace?
Better by far than pride of place,
Have you found greater joy than this?
What wreath was worth that mother's kiss?

BEFORE THE BALL.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

THE cousins this week are like the nine little Indians, just that many and no more. First is "Chic," with her straightforward sensible four sheets, all about platonic friendship, which she started off to defend after reading my answer to "Florence." By the way, allow me to introduce you two, Florence and Chic; one away down in the Southern States, and the other up in a pretty Canadian city, not very far from Toronto. Two clever, level-headed girls, especially you "Chic" who have the advantage in age, and also, by your own confession, in experience. Indeed, Chic dear, Florence never doubted the existence of platonic friendship. She only wanted to know if it would be likely to flourish under the circumstances she detailed—or something of that sort. I am so glad you've found men good friends; so have I, and the best friends of my life have been men, and some of them I would rather have died than married, so there! (I suppose its no harm to confess that those "some" were married already). This gives me the strongest proof of the genuineness of her platonic friendship, when she tells how one of her man friends came to tell her of his engagement, and receive her congratulations. That is a tester, Chic! Because even though you don't want him yourself, you often feel a little rebellious at seeing some other girl absorb him. I hope you were very wise and cordial. I know you were, for a little way down the page I find him coming again, this time sad and sorrowful, for your sympathy, and I think the way you say after his *fiance*, you were the first to be turned to, "is just too sincere and sweet for anything." Professor put his glasses on to see your writing, Chic, when I asked him to be very kind and tell me if it was extra good. "She has sense enough to talk and sense enough to be silent," he said, grumpily, for these ideal wives are making him very cranky. And then, after he had given it back, he took another look and grunted "Sensible woman." So you see, you have one endorsation more. By the way, the reason people sneer at platonic friendship, is because there are so many imitations and parodies of it, they get disgusted with it. You did not weary me, my dear. Write again from the city where you are one among many dear friends.

And then comes Pauline, who has always lived in the country, and who, with her sister Rosie, I am real glad to meet. I always have a sort of yearning to go to your part of the world Pauline, for I've got a big brother down there whom I should dearly love to see. I wonder if you two have ever come across him? Give my love to Papa and Mother. I shall think of them often, for you see I am a part of their Xmas present, quite a lot of Cousin Ruth goes with the paper. I do hope you will write again, your questions depends a good deal upon circumstances. The man is persumably the head of the money market, and to him any payments should properly be made. If the boarder is a woman she will probably prefer to pay a woman, but in any case custom usually decides the question. As you ask me to decide, I'd recommend the payment to be made to the father. but only because that is the business way. Good-bye, as far as your own particular letter is concerned, I am very glad of my Ole Virginny cousins!

SNOWDROP.—Have you a plain skirt, and a plain dark green waist with long sleeves. Make a great many frills of pleated white tissue paper and tack them on, with long glass-like blades of dark green here and there, leave the sleeves green to the elbow, and then pleat leaves of the tissue paper over long white gloves drawn to the elbow, for the collar make more leaves of the tissue paper, and sew them to a necklet, make them full and deep. For the hat take all tall cone pasteboard and cover with dark green, cut more leaves of the white tissue paper, and paste on near the edge, put some of the blades with them, and there you are, a "Snowdrop." Can you do it? it is cheap and pretty.

THAT was my answer to your question of January 20. dear flower, cousin, but I am afraid it will come too late for the Carnival I don't know your town, or your church, but I know your parson, one of his daughters is a dear friend of mine, that is if you go to church in the town where your letter is post-marked, and not in the big city near by. As to your other question, I don't think any magazine would publish a story if it had so little worth that they had to be paid for doing so. Your letter was neither stupid nor too long and I hope you will not forget me when you have another half-hour to spare.

AND Trixie you are another dear cousin from Ole Virginny, please read what I said to Pauline will you, my dear? And so you are in love with me? Well, perhaps when I have read as many of your letters as you have of mine, I shall be just as deep in love with you! I am feeling a little that way now. Do you know I never expected to get half a dozen thoughtful and sensible letters in one batch like these I am answering to-day. All these cousins have a high view of Life, and there is a lovely "stand on my own feet" sort of tone about them. It is not often you hear girls express themselves about matrimony as you and Chic do, but perhaps the world is growing wiser and the women too. How sorry I am about that fire, and how much I want to help you about the parlor furnishings. Can't you manage a rug or two? As for the chairs you don't tell me what they are made of, are they wicker, wooden, upholstered or not, varnished or stained or painted. What color is the floor, how large is the room, and how many windows has it and which way do they look. Are the walls plain or papered? What furniture have you altogether. If you will tell me just these things, I can give you some ideas, I think. I will find out the price of the Book of Housekeeping and let you know in the Correspondence column. I guess the Editor will give me a line or two.

GIRLS, here is "Louie," from the Western States, who asks may she come in and be a cousin, and she particularly demands a shake hands with "A Country Lass," who joined us a month ago. Please reach over from Pennsylvania to Illinois, "Country Lass" and shake Louie warmly by the hand. Dear me! I'd like to see you, Louie, when I go to Chicago next spring! Wonder if I shall, I think you voice a very beautiful thought when you say that we often go along, expecting and asking for some big work to do, and are disappointed of it, when if we just go ahead and do all the little things we shall come suddenly on the grand thing, round some corner, when we least expect it. About your other question, I must ask the Managing Editor. He is real good natured and will probably say Yes. I'll try and let you know next week, in the Correspondence column. Write again, Louie dear!

AND here is a very distant cousin (perhaps her *nom de plume* will explain). She signs herself "Your California Cousin," and she hails from the city of "Frisco," as they call San Francisco when they are in a hurry. I am real sorry, dear Y. C. C. that you haven't received your prize yet, but don't fret, you will because the Managers are very anxious that you should. Such pretty prizes are as good as a Column Advertisement, and are always sent though sometimes there may be a little delay, sometimes even. they have to wait to get them themselves. Now California, I may as well hit you, and hit the other offenders with the same brick. Here it goes! Don't ever say, any of you, "I hope I haven't tired you, Cousin Ruth!" Tired? Why a cousin who can jump on her wheel and ride twenty miles don't tire easily, and once for all, she never gets tired of you girls. I hope lots more Golden State girls will come on.

OH, "Wenona," how could you roust me up like that. Girls! "Wenona" says someone in the papers says this isn't Leap Year! For goodness sake, how did I go to a party on New Year's Eve and have to take a gentleman in to supper, just after twelve o'clock if it isn't Leap Year? And I've been to several parties since, where Leap Year manners threw all the ladies into the attitude of attention and set the gentlemen round waiting to be asked to dance! If that don't make it Leap Year, I give up! But seriously, when I read your letter Wenona, I began to think whether you were not right after all, then I went to the grumpy Editor and asked him, and he sat on me by saying scornfully, "Of course its Leap Year. It won't be the year of adjustment of time for several years yet." Now, that's what he said. It sounded reassuring, but I've not got to the bottom of that adjustment notion yet, though I will and when I understand I will tell you!

Good-bye all,
COUSIN RUTH.

An Ideal Husband.

21. Pray let me describe my ideal to you,
He's faithful, patient, kind-hearted and true,
As lover-like now as before we were wed,
Though twice twenty years have rolled over his head.

He's respected, honored and loved as a friend,
Though seldom an evening from home he will spend,
Unless by his side is the wife of his heart,
From whose companionship none can him part.

At home he is always free-handed and kind,
He'll help with the housework, the children he'll mind;
He's never exacting, and never gets vexed,
This gem of a husband, the truest and best.

22. Religious, sober, indutsrious, kind and considerate to his wife, consoleing in trouble or sickness as well as in health, and a good provider as far as he has the means to do so with.

23. A genuine Christian, a total abstainer from strong drink, a man not addicted to the use of tobacco in any form, a man that is good to his wife and family. One not addicted to the use of profane language, a man that always looks after his own affairs and minds his own business. One that does not spend his money too freely, and gives one tenth of his income to the support of spreading the gospel.

24. The "Ideal Husband" is the one who possess the happy faculty to develop the women he marries, mentally and morally, to the greatest extent of her capabilities, enabling her to be contented and happy, performing her part faithfully as wife, mother and citizen.

25. The good husband is of necessity a good, for only he who walks in light from above can illuminate with serene radiance the life joined to his. He loves his wife above all other human beings. He believes that she is indeed his "helpmeet," and as such accords her trust and honor. He is lenient to her faults, indulgent to her tastes, helpful to her virtues, stimulating to her intellect. The same standard of purity and temperance which he expects of his wife he himself observes. He is brave, honorable, diligent, generous, courteous, tender, and true.

26. I would have a God loving, God-fearing man, honest, upright, honorable systematic and economical, possessed with a kind, sympathetic, affectionate disposition; but stern, just and decided. Master of his home, yet commanding respect and love. He must turn his back on the wine cup and that which lures a man from all that is pure and good—still he should have his associates and amusements. He should make his wife his confident in all things, and be true to her. She should share his walks, drives, etc., occasionally, and his home he should love above all other places.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

WORKING LASS.—Your question would have been better answered in cousin Ruth's column—Why don't yon write to her? She takes great pleasure in helping girls to make the best of what they have. If you want a dress for evening wear, and have only an old grenadine over silk, which is worn out in the sleeves. I should recommend you to invest in a silk blouse of the style now in fashion, and after freshening up your old skirts you may look quite pretty and neat. I should prefer a bright color, corn color or cardinal for your brown complexion. It is well to remark that a blouse of delicate color is often spoiled by being worn under a heavy coat which you are in the habit of wearing over dark dresses, and which rubs off on your faint colored blouse. It is a good plan to slip on a clean old muslin or cambric sacque over the blouse, and so protect it from the dark coat.

PREMIER ETAGE.—In a flat dwelling every one has the same privilege as regards the use of the elevator, but sometimes the telephone is put in for one particular tenant, be sure and enquire before you take for granted that it is "pro bono publico." When you rent your flat, you get a latch key, for the front door if there is not a concierge, and you can have a gate put at the head of the stairs, if yon are on the top flat, not otherwise. If you find the accommodation sufficient, I should prefer the top flat. As you are more private. Hope you will soon be comfortably settled.

ENQUIRER.—Ex-president Grover Cleveland is not a young man. I should fancy getting well on to the half hundred. His wife is much his junior. They live up town in New York city, or did, when I saw them two years ago. Mrs. Cleveland is a typical American of the better class, and of course an attractive and bright young lady. At present she is an invalid, and her recovery is not progressing as rapidly as her many ardent admirers hoped for. She is extremely popular both with young and old.

QUILL-DRIVER.—There are worse plights than yours, my friend, many a one would be glad to have your berth. If you will accept a suggestion, I would advise you to take your lunch at a restaurant some short distance from your office, so as to ensure you a walk, the time it takes will be more than repaid in your own increased working power, you should certainly get fresh air at noon time if you wish to retain your health and growthful appearance.

AUITA.—Amber necklaces are fashionable, cameoes are rather out, but such as you describe may be worn without hesitation.

N. E. W.—It is very seldom done, only when the contributor has a certain fame, or when the poem is of unusual merit. Some papers such as the Sunday School Times, never take anything which is not worth paying for. A stated scale of prices holds in each office, so much a column or some such measure, and that amount is what is paid.

INVALID.—Your quotation is not poetry, but a rather profane rhyme. I don't know who wrote it, but if I come across the author will be sure to let you know. It smacks of coarse fancy, and low ideas enough to have been written by one of the so called poets of Swift's time.

PRIZE-WINNER.—I think you would get junior prize.

ETIQUETTE.—Your question is a little obscure you ask, "whom do you consider the writer on etiquette?" Isn't there something wanting?

OPHELIA.—I think it would only be necessary to leave a card if the host were a very much older or more important person than the guests. A stag party, as I understand it, is a man's party, invited by a man, and rather an informal affair. It is certainly not necessary to call on the wife or female relatives of the host, as they had nothing to do with the party. 2. In a small town or village it might be done, but in a city I should not do it. You don't know who might drop in, and tea gowns are "Taboo" outside one's own home. 3. An afternoon tea does not require a call.

E. L. PEMBROKE.—No delinations are made but under the competition. Certainly the Professor has no time to send private studies without a fee. The charge is half a dollar for a private delineation, you can address study, in care of this paper, if you care to pay the fee.

D. V. MCBRIDE.—If you have complied with the conditions of the contest, you will receive your due in the course of a short time. Pencil studies are never submitted to Professor Wickle, he would not accept them, you will probably receive your delineation in due time, if the second study came to hand. A great many unreasonable people can't wait, but the professor goes right on, and all his work will be done strictly in order of receipt of studies. For your suggestion about a private study, kindly read answer to. E. L.—We don't own all of the professor's time.

TAMMANY.—There are certainly reasons why you should not interfere. You say you don't see them well, just look here! The persons concerned are old enough to manage their own love affairs, and you will surely do more harm than good by meddling with them. In the second place, you are plainly prejudiced against the young man, and probably by some who are jealous of him. Third, as you were once an aspirant for the young lady's favour, most people would discredit your sincerity. Fourth, you have not authority enough to command nor tact enough to manage, so for goodness sake leave things alone for the present.

OSGOODE.—Don't you know, you naughty girl that you got yourself into that very unpleasant fix. A young lady should return to her rendezvous after every dance, and especially towards the end of the evening should she keep her chaperon in view, consult her as to how long she wishes to remain, and give up a dance or two cheerfully if she is not able to stay for them. Of course, your chaperon did not do her duty in going home without you, but perhaps you tried her patience too far.

NANCY.—I am sure the suit you speak of will become you capitally. I hope you will have a lovely evening. I would suggest white silk elbow gloves, instead of the tan kid. I think they are prettier for young girls wear.

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, etc., will be welcomed.)

Answers to Puzzles

(In Last Issue.)

No. 2. ARITHMETICAL.—$100.

No. 3. LOGOGRIPH.—S-Nail—Snail.

NO. 1. Conundrum.

What is this?

Formed long ago, yet made to-day.
And most employed when others sleep:
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

No. 2.

"I went to the Crimea, and I stopped there, and I never went there, and I came back again."

No. 3.

"I went to the wood and I got it, and when I had got it I looked for it, and as I could not find it, I brought it home in my hand."

Ginger-Bread Land.

I had such a wonderful dream;
A fairy took hold of my hand,
And mounting a moonbeam she carried me off
To far away Ginger-bread Land.

If you could have walked in those beautiful streets;
If you could have smelt what I smelt;
If you could have peeped there and seen what I saw;
If you could have felt as I felt!

There was ginger-snap slating—now, would you believe!
All over a ginger-bread house,
With ginger-bread cookies for tiling below—
What a place for a boy or a mouse!

The boys and the girls were of ginger-bread, too,
And wore only ginger-bread clothes.
The trees and the bushes were bent to the ground
With ginger-bread nuts hanging in rows.

There were ginger-bread horses and ginger-bread dogs;
And soon, to my wonder and joy,
I saw, as I looked at my hands and my feet,
That I was a ginger-bread boy.

And then I was hungry, and hunted about
For daintiest pieces to find.
You see, with such plenty on every side
I hardly could make up my mind.

But while I was waiting, the fairy was gone—
The ginger-bread went out of sight—
Alack and alack and alack!—I awoke
Before I had taken a bite!

Oh! oh! if I only could take it again,
That journey so jolly and grand,
I surely would make better use of my time
In beautiful Ginger-bread Land.

A Fairy Tale.

Merlin, the magician, once stopped at the cottage of a poor couple, who treated him very kindly to the best they had. He saw that they were not content with their lot, and the cottager's wife told him what it was that made them so sorrowful; they much wanted to have a son; and she added, "If it was even no bigger than his father's thumb!"

When the queen of the fairies heard from Merlin of this wish of the honest people she promised to grant it. By and by they had, to their great delight, a little son, and sure enough he was no bigger than a large thumb, and was called, accordingly, Tom Thumb, and owing to his very small size he was always getting into scrapes.

When he was old enough to play with the boys for cherry stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the other boys' bags, fill his pockets and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry stones the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah, ah! my little Tom Thumb!" said the boy, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will pay you off for thieving."

Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag heartily, the cherry stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such doing any more.

Never Chastise in Anger.

First Boy—What did your mother do to you for goin skatin on thin ice an gettin in?

Second Boy—She boxed me ears.

"Did it hurt?"

"Nope. She was so mad she didn' wait fer me to git me ear muffs off."

An Amusing Evening Game.

"The Hat" is a game which may be played for stakes or not, as decided. The players are divided, as for clumps, into two opposing parties. They sit in two half circles at the same distance every way around a hat placed on the floor in the centre of them. Two differently colored packs of cards are then given, one to each party, and by them equally dealt out to each player. The aim is then for each player to throw a card in the centre—a by no means easy achievement. The cards have a way of flying over it, or around it, in a provoking way, even when thrown by good players. The floor is soon littered with failures. The game is played till both packs are exhausted; then those cards that have reached the hat are counted, and the side that has the most of its own color in wins the stakes, or at least is victor. This is a very amusing game for the evening.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

375 Here is a lady of exquisite tact, refined manner, and great warmth of sympathy, hopeful, even-tempered, and of correct judgment, gentle but decided, anxious to succeed, and careful to do her best; adaptable to circumstances, a charming woman for a man who does not expect great energy or exact passionate regard, of which this lady is incapable.

376 This is in many respects a similar hand to No. 375, but has in addition sense of humor, and more strength and a slight advantage in energy. Would be less placid and more active.

377 This is a capable, and probably smart business woman, with love of praise and desire to deserve it. She is lively, careful, breezy and prone to look on the bright side of things, but her effort is transient and her thought scattered; some ambition, love of beauty and good energy and temper are shown. Concentration, constancy, and self-control are small. Writer should also beware of too outspoken views and comments.

378 Same characteristics as No. 376, with yet more energy and enterprise.

379 This is a determined and bright lady, with a very strong will, variable spirits, great capacity of affection, and the reverse; she is a daring thinker, and a large planner, has intense love for social pleasures, and ambition to shine, is smart and occasionally witty, fond of fun, self-willed, and though apparently courageous, would probably sink under pressure of trouble or disappointment.

380 Here is a quiet, and rather sensitive lady, who will never assert herself, but remain modestly unknown except to her inmates. She feels deeply, but is rather reticent, and her mind is tinged with melancholy. A gentle manner, probably low voice and great constancy and truth are shown in her writing. She may be a little impatient and hasty is verdict on others, but her nature at bottom is just and sincere. To some types of husbrnd she would be the very woman to make home happy. A little indifference and indecision are her weak points. She also lacks quickness of perception and tact, and though she has love of the beautiful, her taste is crude and uncultivated.

381 Some ideality, deliberate and thoughtful action, slightly faulty judgment, honest, some carelessness in small things, hope, rather discreet speech, love of beauty and good tact and some sympathy are blended in this lady's writing. She is probably methodical and regular in her life, and her husband would always find his meals on time and his slippers toasting. A comfortable and reliable wife, a little narrow, but very conscientious.

382 Here is a clever, stirring, impulsive and original lady. She has good method, great enterprise, but is cunning and foreseeing, loves company, and talks a good deal, is full of feeling and a little too fond of change. Is generally practical and chary of indulging in dreams, which she will probably attain.

383 This is an original, strong, and clever woman who has great force of will and depth of feeling. She is determined, serious, variable in temperament, and very persevering in action. Sincere, straightforward, and quite lacking in *finesse* and diplomacy.

384 This study is identical with No. 375, but lacks some of the fineness of perception and tact, though her nature is stronger and broader, while less gentle.

385 An imaginative, but deliberate mind, rather chary of her affections and not demonstrative, but when her heart is won, most loyal and faithful. Would be a thoughtful and true wife, discreet, mirthful, not particularly strong in will nor independent in action, but liable to show obstinacy if unduly ordered and guided. Would like the best available, but could be contented on reasonable fare. A very lovable woman, and very fond of beautiful things.

386 This lady is tenacious, of excellent consistency in effort, discreet speech, and some refinement. Her tendency is pessimistic rather than optimistic, but she is far from being a grumbler, rather apt to show a good face to the world under any circumstances. She is peculiar in some ways, having fixed convictions, and conservative and set mannerisms, her carefulness is marked, in fact, in work, she would rather always do too much than fail ever so little. She has not very keen perception, and though kind, is not warmly sympathetic, would look out well for Number One. A wife bound to secure respect as well as affection.

387 This lady is full of enterprise, with good perseverance and energy, but lacks buoyancy and hope. She has some ideality, care and a decided touch of temper, which however is only transient, her nature is affectionate, and she loves the good things of life, has ambition and strong self-will.

An Exciting Incident.

A Frenchman's experience of a day's shooting: "Mon cher, I saw a rabbit pass. It was my first rabbit. How delightful! How exciting! I shouldered my gun, I took aim. I pulled the trigger—the gun went off"—

"And the rabbit?"

"Went off too."

Some Funny Sights.

I saw a cowhide in the grass,
A rush-light on the floor;
I saw a candle-stick in the mud,
A bell-pull at the door.

I saw a horse-fly up a creek,
A cat-nip at her food;
I saw a chestnut-burr, and heard
A shell-bark in the wood.

I saw a jack-plane off a board,
A car-spring off a track;
I saw a saw-dust off the floor,
And then a carpet-tack.

I saw a monkey-wrench a hat
From a fair lady's pate;
I saw a rattle-snake a bird,
And hogs-head on a plate.

I saw a brandy-smash a glass,
I saw a shooting-star;
I've heard the corn-stalk in the field,
And pig iron crow-bar.

I saw a pin-wheel off a post,
A wheel-wright in the shop;
I saw a gin-sling on a bar,
I saw a ginger-pop.

I heard a fence-rail at the din,
I heard a waist-band play
A lovely strain—a sweet spittoon—
And then I went away.

Novelties in Table Linen.

There are few housewives who do not desire nice table linen. Not all of us can afford the expensive damasks, but there are few who cannot have an abundance of linen for tablecloths, napkins, tray cloths and doilies that can be made beautiful and artistic by a little time and ingenuity.

Among the latest novelties is the carnation pink pattern in tablecloths and napkins. A center-piece of finest linen with a hemstitched border and a pattern of drawn work just inside and covered with pink carnations, as if carelessly strewn over it, is made to accompany the cloth and napkins. A set of doilies also corresponds with the other pieces.

The leaf designs, both in centerpieces and doilies are in high favor, and are outlined and embroidered in heavy white silk on handsome linen. An effective sideboard scarf is hemstitched and has a drawn-work pattern a few inches from the hem. Yellow Marshal Niel roses are seen on this with their buds and foliage.

An exquisite centerpiece has a pattern of lilacs embroidered on it that is very natural. Another centerpiece is of handsome white huck. In size it is from point to point in the center, twelve inches. The edge is heavily buttonhole stitched, and then for three inches it is darned in gold-colored silk. The centre is outlined in white silk, to show the veining of the leaf. A similar one is done in pink instead of the gold color. Sets of doilies may be made to match both centerpieces.

Another set may be of finest linen, in size six and a half inches square besides the fringe. The designs may be wild roses, butterfiies, bachelor's buttons, a monogram and two conventional patterns.

A sideboard scarf may be two yards long and seventeen inches wide, including the fringe. About three inches from the edge should be a zig-zag pattern of drawn-work. The material used for such a scarf should be of momie linen, and the design morning-glories on one end and on the other carnation pinks.

A very pretty tray cloth is thirty-four inches by twenty-four and is made of fine white linen, hemstitched. A conventional design is embroidered in yellow silk in each corner. Another tray cloth is of the same material and in size is thirty-one inches long and twenty-seven wide. A cup and saucer with a butterfly perched on it is found in two corners and a spray of flowers in each of the others.

A platter cloth which is comparatively new is of momie linen, and is twenty-one inches long add sixteen and a half wide. The conventional design on it is done in yellow silk.

A very attractive tray cloth, twenty-seven inches long including fringe and eighteen inches wide, is of momie linen and has large, red, strawberries, so natural that one would like to eat them, embroidered on it.

Another tray cloth, which can also be used for a centerpiece, is of butcher's linen and has a cactus pattern done in pink and yellow silk on it.

Three very pretty cake doilies are five and a half inches squre besides the fringe, and have forget-me-nots, thistles and yellow pansies on them.

An exquisite set of linen, comprising tablecloth, centerpiece, tray cloths, sideboard scarf and doilies, to be used for a cherry luncheon next season, have ripe, red cherries and their glossy leaves embroidered in wash silks on each piece. The effect is most charming. A similar set has strawberries in place of the cherries.

A set of exquisite fruit doilies is made at home of finest linen, and instead of being fringed has a hemstitched border around the edge. The designs used are grapes, cherries, currants, strawberries plums, and blackberrries.

Hitherto table linen has been only ornamented with embroidery on account of the frequent laundering it requires, but of late Blackman's fluik has been invented for the purpose of painting delicate and dainty designs on doilies, tray cloths, etc. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this word has proved thus far. It is certainly a great saving of time and many artists who haven't the time for embroidery hail this new innovation with joy.

Flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, bumblebees, tiny landscapes, and water scenes, are all seen among the decorations for table linen.

Mothers' Corner.

"Many perpetual youth keep dry their eyes from tears."—TENNYSON.

Teaching the Girls How to Handle the Needle.—Fluff.—Dress.

A suitable piece of work to commence on is a pair of pillow cases, for in making this article the child learns to overhand, to hem and to make button holes. Commence when she is fresh, soon after breakfast, having previously cut out two pairs of pillow cases, one pair for yourself and another pair for the little daughter. See that she is supplied with a neat little box or basket, thimble, thread and needles. Begin by basting up a pair for her; then commence together, first starting hers.

She will take great pride in trying to have her work look as well as yours, but unless she is an unusually apt pupil her stitches will be long and uneven. If not neatly done advise her gently to pull out her work and begin again, or, better still, tell her you will take them out for her, letting her go and have a race with her dog or a ride on her tricycle. She will come in with a fresher, clearer head and a studier hand than if scolded and made to take out the misplaced stitches. When she has finished the overhand on both pillow cases baste the hems for her and start her at the hemming. Caution her to have her stitches even, but not too short, as (with beginners) very short stitches are apt to be crooked.

Keep your work along with hers. Above all things, try to keep up her interest, and when she comes to the button holes cut them for her, neatly overcasting the edges. Impress it upon her that she must be careful and take up very little of the goods, as it makes a much neater button hole; then have her fasten the ends strongly and evenly. Now let her sew on her bottons, and when she has finished fold and put away, and if she has done them well she will be a very happy little girl and you a very proud mother. She may be several days in making them; do not hurry her, and, above all things, do not become impatient with her, and tell her she shall finish them by a given time.

Next teach her to darn. Let her take a pair of her own stockings, the pair with the smallest holes, for large holes are so discouraging to a beginner. Tell her that in order to make a neat darn she must use a long, slender needle, and cotton not too course. It is best to darn over a china egg, going back and forth till the hole is covered, then cross the stitches, weaving in and out until the darn is as solid as the original material. Unless a girl learns the intricacies of darning when she is young, she is apt, when she is grown up, to depend on "mamma," or, worse still, go with stockings unmended, either of which is inexcusable.

For a worn or a torn place in a dress, of course, you would not darn as you would the heel of a stocking, but baste a piece of the goods underneath, then darn back and forth with dainty, tiny stitches, till the rent is repaired, then with a damp cloth laid over the darn, press with a warm flat iron.

Teach Your Children Self-Reliance.

A constant care with the mother is how to deal with her child in different stages of its development—how to surround it with circumstances on which its better nature will thrive best. The question of creating proper self-reliance is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most important which presents itself to the parent. A person who has not confidence in himself—I do not mean bold daring or impudence, but genuine courage and firm belief in his abilities—is handicapped in what we are accustomed to call the race of life. How to give the child this confidence and still avoid boldness and impudence is many times difficult to determine. Any hints, therefore, which will throw light upon this question are generally welcome. Conscious of this fact I offer the following suggestion which experience and observation have taught.

When a girl is nine or ten years of age and has good health it is well for her to have some household duty to perform regularly. If she has any choice as to what it shall be, let her select her work providing it is something suited to her age and strength. The work should be light, and pleasing, if possible, but whatever it is, teach her to do it regularly and well, and to take pleasure in seeing it done properly. You may find it a good plan to pay her a sum of money weekly for the work she does. She needs a little pocket money and also judgment about spending it. It is a wise plan to have her furnish some article of clothing with this money. Let her do the purchasing, but for a time under the mother's supervision. The mother may teach her how to select her goods, how to tell the difference between a good article and a poor one, which is the best for the money asked. In this way the child will acquire a knowledge of how to spend money to the best advantage. If the little girl receives ten or fifteen cents a week she should buy her stockings or gloves or some other small article of clothing, and the mother should see to it that the sum is sufficient that she may have a little left to spend as she chooses. As she grows older her work should be gradually increased, at the same time paying her more if possible. Daughters who receive some compensation regularly, without having to go to mother or father to ask for it, usually are more contented and happy, and take greater pride in their work and do it better.

Threatening Children.

Did you ever notice what inhuman threats people often make to children? Didn't I catch myself, just a day or two since, telling a young incorrigible, who persisted in dipping into the jelly, that I was instantly going to cut off every one of her fingers! This I said by way of variety, as her mother's invariable threat is "I'll break your neck." Miss Pert (aged three) received *my* threat with a sarcastic "Hah! You will, will you?" and continued her depredations in a manner even more pronounced than before.

You see, she is hardened. There was a time when such a suggestion made her eyes dilate, and her lips quiver pitifully.

The other day she was playing with her dolly, which appeared to be a very naughty one. We were listening, her mother and I, unobserved by the little one. Presently, after scolding the refractory doll in a most natural manner, she finished with: "Now, I'm just a doin' to b'eak your neck!" whereupon she began suiting the action to the word in a horribly realistic fashion.

Now, isn't this very, very wrong? It fills with revolting ideas the little minds that should know only sweet and happy thoughts, while it proves to the keen little brains that mamma does not always tell the truth. The more accustomed they become to the threats the less they regard them, the less they believe in mamma, the seldomer they tell the truth. And some day mamma will find a callous, unchildish brood, who take all she says with a grain of salt, and who require the same seasoning for their own statements.

The Home Literary.

We have a literary society at our house,—not one of those stiff, formal affairs, with presidents, secretaries, regular meetings, and long, carefully-prepared essays,—oh, no. In fact, I don't think any one knows it is a literary society; perhaps they would not enjoy it half so much if they did know. It has no officers,—unless mother is one,—meets at any hour of the twenty-four that happens to suit its members (except bed-time), in any convenient spot on the premises. Any two members constitute a quorum. Having no president, there are no rules, and everybody talks when he feels like it, without regard to precedence,—all at once, if the majority take anotion. It includes the members of our family and any one else who chances to be sojourning beneath our roof-tree, but is especially for the benefit of the younger members. Its primary object is to train the literary instincts of those participating.

In our course one of the principal features is reading aloud. I do not think most families appreciate the importance of this. In the first place, there is some kind of a mysterious magnetism about the human voice, which will often interest the child (or his elder either) when the sight of the same article on the printed page would not attract him at all. And then, the opportunities for explanation and discussion, criticism and comment! The foregoing processes, judiciously carried on, will frequently double and treble the amount of benefit derived from reading. In our literary society, if one reads Ruskin's allegory of the Valley of Diamonds, he very soon engages his nearest neighbor in a discussion as to its interpretation. If there is a debate in the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY on "Originality in Children," the children are quite as much interested as any one, and have made the decision that, as usual, the shield has two sides, and each is right after all. In this way the parent, by reading with his child, and pointing out and warning him against the false as he meets it, may do more towards putting him in the right path than if he recommended, "This is bad; you shall not read it," "This is good; you shall read it," and then left him to pursue his way unassisted.

There is one book especially in which, as a rule, enough literary interest is not taken,—the Bible. (Observe, I am not speaking with reference to the more important spiritual and religious interest.) Why should not the children study it for its quaint English, its figures of speech, its allegories, its historical interest, its eloquent orations, its poetical sentiment, its fidelity to human nature, just as they might study Shakespeare? Perhaps most children do not even know there is poetry in the Bible; yet why not exercise their minds scanning Hosea or a Psalm, as well as Milton or Shelley?

But we do not confine ourselves to reading as a literary exercise,—we include writing also. We begin with the letters which the little ones send to auntie or cousin. No one is allowed to begin a letter with "Dear Aunt: I thought I would write to you," or that more elaborate but still more shallow form, "Dear Aunt: I seat myself, pen in hand, to trace a few lines," etc. The children are taught to write accounts from their own experience, making them life-like as possible. Yesterday a little incident occurred,—a travelling artist, a saucy boy, a group of laughing girls,—ordinary enough, as incidents go. Someone suggested that the children each write an account of it, "just for fun." The result was interesting. In one, the humorous side was developed; in another, the philosophical; in still another, a short drama was produced,—plot, scenes, *dramatis personæ*, curtain, and all,—a serio-comedy. Such practice as this is, I think, far more likely to develop originality than the "compositions" at school, which are too often mostly obtained from the geography and cyclopædia.

We have invented an exercise which is a favorite amusement with the children, while at the same time it develops an important (and also generally-deficient) faculty,—that of describing objects intelligently and exactly. In this game one of the players fixes his mind on some object,—a simple and familiar one at first. The others are then to find out, from questions concerning its shape, size, color, and appearance, what it is. They are not to ask, "Is it an animal?" "Is it a flower?" because then they would commence guessing the names of animals or plants; and the object is, not that they stumble upon it accidentally, but that the person answering the questions may describe it so exactly as to bring a picture of it before their eyes. Suppose the object chosen is a pin; the question asked, "What shape is it?" The most natural answer would be, "It is round;" but this is not allowed, for a pencil, a ball, are also all round, yet their shape is very different.

I think that the way to make children original is to let them be original.

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—BYRON.

Oysters. Variety in Preparing.

Oysters form an important article of food, not only on account of their nutritive qualities, but as well for the ease with which they are prepared for the table and the great variety of ways in which they may be cooked and served Yet many housekeepers seem ignorant of the art of properly cooking oysters, and will serve them half raw in soup, burnt and greasy when fried, overdone and imperfectly seasoned when broiled or escalloped. A few suggestions on the subject will, therefore, be useful at this season of the year, when the delicious bivalves will be found abundant in our markets.

In no way are oysters more wholesome and acceptable than when served from the shell, raw. To be eaten thus they should be very fresh and very cold. A pretty way to serve them is to make an excavation in a large block of ice, in which set a glass dish of oysters, which should be sprinkled with pepper and salt and garnished with sliced lemon. To properly stew oysters, put a quart free from liquor, in a saucepan with pepper and salt, and let simmer ten minutes; then add the liquor, let heat, take up the oysters, put in a heated bowl with two dozen broken crackers and a quarter of a pound of butter, pour over the boiling liquor, let stand five minutes and serve.

An old, forlorn southern recipe for stewing oysters, called "Maryland Stew," is very appetizing. To make it, put the oyster liquor in a saucepan and let simmer ten minutes, rub the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs and one spoonful of flour together, add half a pound of butter, a little pepper and the juice of one lemon with the oysters. Let boil three minutes and serve.

Broiled oysters, served on toast, are very dainty for breakfast. They should be placed on an oyster-broiler and set over a bright fire, taken up, dipped in melted butter, laid back on the gridiron and turned until slightly browned. When done, take up, place over buttered slices of toast and serve with grated horse-radish.

To fry oysters, select large, fresh ones; have ready grated crackers, in which mix a little salt; roll each oyster in it and lay on a board; let stand fifteen minutes, then dip in beaten egg and roll again in the cracker meal. Let stand half an hour, and fry brown in boiling lard. Serve very hot.

To escallop oysters, crush a dozen fresh crackers, put a layer in the bottom of a buttered dish, moisten with the oyster liquor and a little cream, then put over a layer of oysters, sprinkle with salt, pepper and butter, cover with crackers, then another layer of oysters until the dish is filled. Beat an egg with butter and finely-grated cracker and spread on top; set in the oven for twenty minutes.

Small inferior oysters may be made into dainty and appetizing dishes, such as oyster fritters, omelet, pates, pies, croquettes, chowder and salads, at a very small cost, and will give variety to the table at this season of the year.

For fritters, beat three eggs in a cupful of new milk, season with salt and pepper and add flour to make a stiff batter; drop one oyster at a time in the batter, take out and fry in boiling lard.

To make croquettes, take two dozen oysters and put on to boil in their own liquor for five minutes. Take from the fire and drain, chop fine; put in a small saucepan half a tincupful of cream and oyster juice each; rub two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter together; add with the oysters to the boiling liquor, and stir over the fire until thick; add the yelks of two eggs, take from the fire, season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsely, salt, cayenne and nutmeg; mix well and turn out to cool. When cold, form into croquettes, dip first in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

FRUIT PASTES.—A very nice paste is made from apple juice, with enough of quinces to give a pleasant flavor, boiled to a solid jelly, with but little sugar. Let it boil in stoneware, then simmer and finish in a covered dish in the oven. The English method of making fruit pastes is to thicken the crushed fruit with sugar and scald it only and dry on platters set in an oven but slightly warm, or in the sun. Sirups made from the clear fruit juice are especially delightful, and grape juice boiled down to a nice, clear sirup is an excellent thing in sickness. A bag of fine crash makes a good strainer used with a wooden hand press. Nothing is used but the pure juice, which should be boiled down till it becomes a thick clear sirup. Juice cooks best in the oven, as stonewear holds the heat and there is less danger of burning the contents than with any other ware.

HOT PATTIES.—Line some small molds with puff pastry. Make a mixture of one-quarter pound of raw veal, three ounces of kidney fat, some lemon peel, chop very fine, and stir in spices, salt and pepper to taste, moistening the whole with good strong stock. Put a spoonful of this in the patty mold, covering it with some pastry very lightly to allow it to rise. Brush it over with the yoke of an egg and bake. Or: Beat to a cream one-quarter pound of fresh butter, add the yolk of an egg, one tablespoonful of flour and one of milk, mix with this some remains of meat (veal or chicken preferred) chopped very fine, salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Make this into balls the size of a walnut, put them into patty-molds lined with pastry, and bake as above. Or: Line deep patty-molds as above, and prepare a mixture of fillets of game or chicken, a little sweetbread, and some chopped morsels; stew this in a saucepan with some melted butter, flour, a squeeze of lemon, some good stock, salt and pepper to taste. Let this cool. When quite ready fill your patties almost full and bake for an hour, after having put on the pastry cover.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

The Care of the Hands.

There are not nearly as many secrets in hand treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clear and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean, but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for it, but all can make it. They also make the Roman toilet paste. It is merely the white of an egg, barley flour and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in olden times. At any rate, it is a first rate thing, but it is sticky and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in the space of a month by doctoring them a little at bed-time, and all the tools you need are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything.

Lawyer (sharply)—"How is it that you know this watch has been in your family thirty years and yet cannot remember your age?" *Witness* (slyly)—"Oh, sir, the watch has kept time; I have not."

LITERARY NOTE—Friend—How about your poem, Charley—getting on with it?

Charley—O, yes; I expect to finish it in a day or two.

Friend—That's good; and to what paper will you send it first?

EXQUISITE NOVELTIES
FOR
Fancy Work.

ROYAL CANADIAN
SACHETS.
ARBUTUS. INDIA LILAC.
PEAU D'ESPAGNE. RUSSIA LEATHER.

Elegant Envelope Sachets (4¾ x 3¾ inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,
MONTREAL.

THE BEST. IS CHEAPEST.

ESSENCES
AND
SPICES
— ARE THE BEST. —
Mention the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

MRS. WRIGLEY,
Teacher of Piano.
TERMS—MODERATE.
77 JOHN STREET.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED, lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME, a complete house-wife's guide," by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio

Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN IT?

OUR PRIZE HISTORY COMPETITION

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

Toronto, February 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's. Upright Pianos, Style D.," valued at $350.00 each, to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,
(Signed) HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate valued $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairness or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner is expected to secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and it is expected that every winner of a leading prize will renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. Address LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W, Toronto, C[illegible]

NATIONAL LIBRARY
16
'87 10 21
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

AT THE ACADEMY.

"I say, Brown, that's a good thing, and a fine subject."

"Oh yes—a fine subject. But it requires a great artist to treat it. I think I may try that myself sometime."

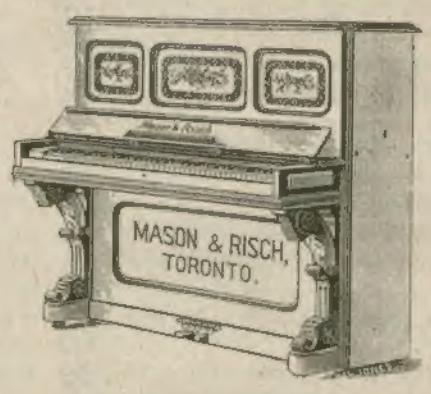
MASON & RISCH PIANOS

Are the **Instruments** of the cultured and refined. We **Invite** the attention of the Musical Public to

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

We have decided to try the effect of direct advertising and correspondence, and thus lessen the expense and salaries of travellers, giving their customers the benefit of the saving effected.

WRITE US AT ONCE.



WRITE US AT ONCE.

AND OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Will be mailed you at once free. Select the Style of Piano you prefer and we will

SEND YOU A SPECIAL PRICE

Referring the matter to our nearest traveller.

As this is done to test the value of our Advertising, please state when writing the name of the paper in which you see this and we will mail you an elegant **piece of Music worth 50 cents free** with the Catalogue. State name, occupation and address. This offer stands for one month from date.

MASON & RISCH,

32 KING STREET, W., TORONTO.

SCIATICA RHEUMATISM

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

LUMBAGO NEURALGIA

Faithful to the end—a dog's tail

At a meeting of the London trades union councils in London, in April, a woman was present as delegate for the first time in the history on the organization. The lady was Mrs. Hicks, representing a ropemaker's union.

A DEMAND THAT WAS HEARD AROUND THE WORLD.

This is a strong cartoon in this week's issue of *Judge*. It pictures President Harrison holding the United States flag backed by a united North and South, standing firm in defense of this country's rights. Chili, being wrong, is represented as making ample apology. The front page shows one how the democratic majority under the leader Holman, the watch-dog of the treasury has cut off all appropriations of every kind. He is represented as a country tailor who has sadly delapidated Uncle Sam's garments. It is the best sort of a Republican argument. Get this week's *Judge* of your newsdeale . Price, 10 cents.

ALGY—"Oh, I say, Weggie Miss Budd awsked after you last evening."

WEGGIE—"The divine eweature! What did she say?"

ALGY—"She wanted to know who was your chaperwone. I've been wondering all day what she meant."

"I often wonder," he said as they stood in the yellowness of a moonlit night, "what my last words will be." And not a vestige of sarcastic intent lurked in her mind as she answered, "So do I, George. I should so love to hear them."

THE WIND AND THE WINDY CITY.—A Chicago editor suggests that if the atmosphere grows much worse in that city it will have to be taken in capsules.

"Pat, Pat! you should never hit a man when he is down." "Begorra! what did I work so hard to get him down for?"

HEINTZMAN & Co

PIANO-FORTES.

These instruments have been before the public for nearly forty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE,

We also beg to announce to the musical public that we have just taken the Agency for the

CELEBRATED

NEW YORK WEBER PIANO,

Samples of which we have now on Exhibition in our Warerooms.

WHICH ESTABLISH THEM AS

Unequaled in Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

HEINTZMAN & CO., WAREROOMS: 117 KING ST. W., TORONTO. FACTORY: WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

Catalogues Sent Free on Application.

ALL Your Dress Patterns FREE. Every subscriber for 1892 to ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, Illustrated will receive $3.00 worth of McCall's Glove-fitting patterns free. McCall & Co. want to introduce their new patterns; we want to increase the circulation of our magazine. We make an agreement to help each other and the result is our subscribers get the greatest offer ever made by a magazine. New subscribers get three months free. No advance in price; still only $1.50 a year. Full particulars in January number, sent postpaid (including a pattern order, worth 25 cents), for five two-cent stamps. Address, **ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, Lock Box 913, Philadelphia.**

INVALID LIFTER.

WANTED.—Every helpless invalid to know that they can be lifted, and moved from a bed to a rolling chair, or from one position to another, in or out of a carriage, with perfect ease and safety, by the use of The Cutting & Stelle Invalid Lifter. A helper that never grows weary. A wonderful invention! Mention this to helpless invalids. Pamphlet, four cents, in stamps.

J. B. KING, Hudson, Ohio.

Young Ladies, Look!

Spirit Photo of your Future Husband 10 cts. Art of Fortune Telling 10 cts. Secrets of Beauty 20 cts. Mysteries of Clairvoyance 20 cts. Lovers' Letter Writer 15 cts. Address, J. T. HANDFORD, 37 Broome St. Newark, N. J.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Goitre OR THICK NECK. I have a positive, Cleanly, Harmless Cure. Come if you can, or write me at 28 Livingstone St., Cleveland, O. DR. J. CASKEY.

It is no Iodine smear. Cure made Permanent.

Nelson R. Butcher & Co.,

STENOGRAPHERS,

96 and 97 Canada Life Building.

Reporting of Technical, Engineering and Medical Testimony a specialty.

Documents copied and returned under sealed cover.

Agents for celebrated SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER, the most approved writing machine in use.

When writing mention this paper. 7-6t